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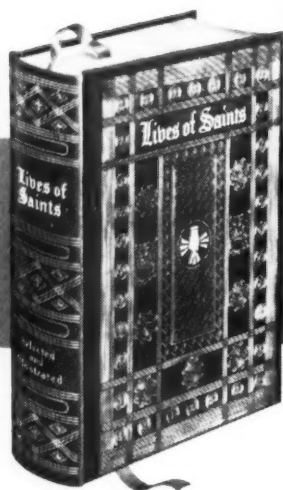
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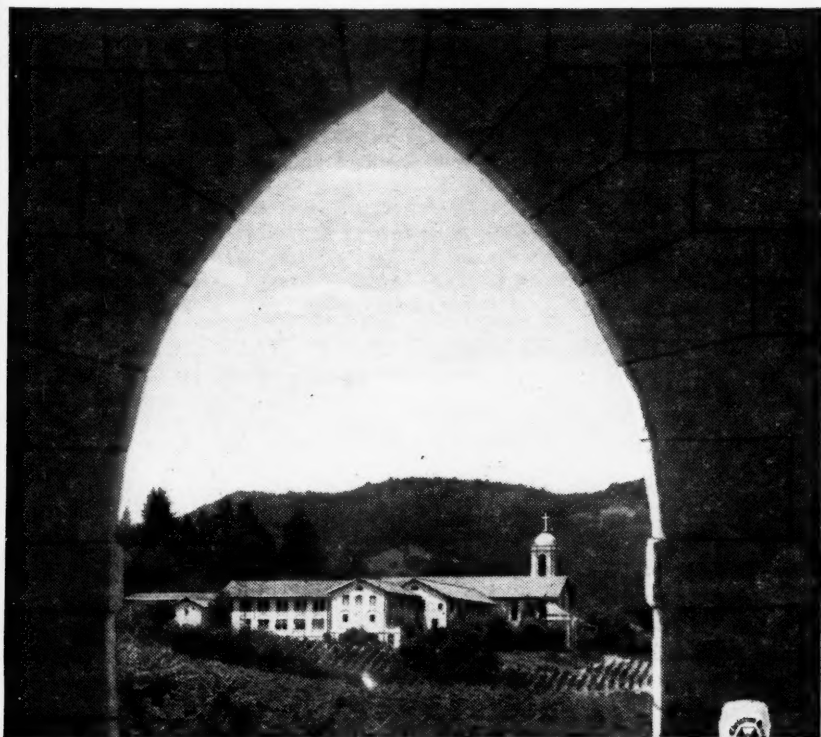
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Ireland, the Land of Youth.....	Anne O'Neill-Barna	14
<i>Where old age brings reverence, prestige, and power</i>		
The Explosions in Brighton.....	"The Face of Disaster"	19
<i>A fantastic disaster transformed ordinary folks into heroes</i>		
Late Vocations Are Real Vocations.....	Homiletic & Pastoral Review	23
<i>Mature men, as well as boys, are called to the priesthood</i>		
Books I Never Read Before.....	"The Province of the Heart"	27
<i>I'm filling the gaps in a bad education, says Phyllis McGinley</i>		
How to Rear a Solid Citizen.....	"The Secret World of Kids"	32
<i>Art Linkletter explains how you can enjoy your children— in spite of them</i>		
Happy Though Married.....	New York Herald Tribune	39
<i>Our divorce counselor thinks we must both be sick, sick, sick</i>		
Ireland's Faith Proclaimed in its Stamps.....	Picture Story	42
<i>Religion is a favorite subject with her post office</i>		
How to Tell a Story.....	Better Homes & Gardens	48
<i>Bennett Cerf shows how to make humor funny</i>		
But First, a Word From Our Sponsor.....	Reporter	52
<i>The wonderful world of TV admen</i>		
The Cake-Mix Mystery.....	Baltimore Sunday Sun Magazine	56
<i>An inside tip for puzzled husbands</i>		
Fresh Water From the Sea.....	Think	59
<i>At last, the big breakthrough</i>		
Erin's First Families.....	Map	64
<i>Where they lived in Ireland</i>		
Why Do People Get Tattooed?.....	New York Times Magazine	66
<i>Epidermis art appeals to sailormen and kings</i>		
The Man With the Million-Dollar Hat.....	View	69
<i>Father van Straaten waits for Day X</i>		
Buffalo: City of Good Neighbors.....	Walter G. Young	73
<i>Where charitable hearts are as abundant as the elm trees</i>		
The Robber Forgiven.....	"The Last Hours of Jesus"	79
<i>Grace came to him from One on the next cross</i>		

(Continued on page 4)



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(Continued from page 2)

Space-Age Idea Man.....	<i>The Sign</i>	83
<i>Bill Thaler's discoveries may profoundly affect your future</i>		
Lenten Dishes From Around the World.....	<i>Demetria Taylor</i>	88
<i>Some recipes to be treated with love and imagination</i>		
The Way I See It.....	<i>From the book</i>	94
<i>You are a failure only if you don't try, says Eddie Cantor</i>		
A Smile From Toscanini.....	<i>Thomas Shelley</i>	97
<i>My recording of "La Bohème" has one deeply worn groove</i>		
Open Door to Mental Health.....	<i>Time</i>	102
<i>Another step in treating mental patients as human beings</i>		
Manhattan Magnificat.....	<i>Sister Maryanna, O.P.</i>	107
<i>Not a ruthless giant, but—for a native—a friendly little island</i>		
Crash Scene: What to Do?.....	<i>Popular Science</i>	112
<i>Know the ground rules of procedure at an accident scene</i>		
What Would You Like to Know About the Church?.....	<i>J. D. Conway</i>	116
<i>Should priests marry?</i>		

In Our Parish 18—New Words for You 22—The Perfect Assist 38—People Are Like That 41—Flights of Fancy 51—The Open Door 58—Hearts Are Trumps 82—In Our House 96

Entertainment 6

Catholic Digest Book Club Selection 125

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(Rates on page 2)

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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.



What your doctor knows about

fat after fifty

FRED THOMSON, age 50, sat in his doctor's office, a look of disbelief on his chubby, ruddy face. "Are you saying that the weight I've put on this past year actually is endangering my health?"

His doctor nodded. "If you were in your twenties, a *little* excess weight wouldn't hurt you. But as you get older, overweight becomes a more serious health problem.

"At 50," he continued, "a healthy man can expect 20 years or more of good living. But if you're overweight, you reduce that by six or seven years. There's over twice the possibility of your developing heart trouble. There's more likelihood of diabetes or high blood pressure. You're a poorer surgical risk . . . and are more susceptible to arthritis and kidney ailments.

"If you want to enjoy an active old age," said the doctor, "I suggest that you follow the reducing diet I'm going to give you." Then he quickly added, "It won't be bad. Nowadays, we know good nutrition means eating a variety of foods. This diet gives you well-

balanced meals that are appetizing . . . yet low in calories."

Fred was happy that his new diet included many of his favorite foods . . . *even desserts*. But they were low-calorie desserts, chosen to add pleasure without pounds. Desserts such as low-calorie D-Zerta Gelatin and D-Zerta Pudding.

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Ask *your* doctor about D-Zerta Gelatin and D-Zerta Pudding. He'll recommend them. D-Zerta is made by General Foods, the makers of Jell-O Desserts. It is available at grocery stores everywhere.

'Broth of a Boy' a merry romp for Barry Fitzgerald

Just about perfect St. Patrick's day film fare is an Irish-made film called **Broth of a Boy**. It has Barry Fitzgerald, that master of the roguish grin and sly repartee, playing the oldest man in the world, with a capable supporting cast drawn from the Abbey Players.

The plot, frail but jolly, revolves around the efforts of a London TV producer to put Barry's 110th birthday celebration on world-wide television. The old lad's 80-year-old son, his flock

of grandchildren, and flotilla of great-great descendants agree that such an event is just what Da and the town of Ballymorrissey need.

Da is just as stubbornly determined not to be made famous via the TV screen. (It seems he added on a few years to his real age to gain a government pension.) The dilemma is finally straightened out but not before Da gets involved in an hilarious poaching expedition and spends time in the local jail. The scenes with Barry and his octogenarian "wee son" (nimble played by Harry Morgan) are supremely funny. Indeed, slight as the plot may be, we found *Broth* welcome diversion after all the marathon Biblical epics and "significant" films with which the poor movie-goer lately has been bombarded.

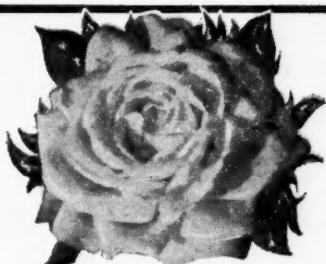
Barry Fitzgerald gets parade from the villagers for his 110th birthday celebration.





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PERSONAL APPROACH

DAN O'HERLIHY

*A Feather
on His Feet*



Irish actor Dan O'Herlihy is inclined to dislike sand. Sand reminds him of footprints, and footprints remind him of a movie role he once played that people won't let him forget.

For Daniel Peter O'Herlihy it was who brought *Robinson Crusoe* to the screen in 1955, bursting into fame like a Gaelic sputnik. As the island-happy hero of the Daniel Defoe classic, Dan was alone on the screen for 30 of the film's 90 minutes, won an Academy-award nomination for his performance.

Despite the fact that before and after this role, Dan has handled countless movie, TV, and stage assignments, he is constantly hailed as Robinson Crusoe by his fans.

Born in Wexford, Ireland, Dan grew up in Dublin, and went to the National University of Ireland there. At first he thought he would study law. Then he switched to architecture because he had a knack for sketching.

Except for a quick-tempered schoolmate, Dan might still be bent over a drawing board. An undergraduate who had the lead in a play scheduled for Dublin's annual Irish drama festival quit the cast after a quarrel. Dan volunteered to go on in his place with scarcely a rehearsal. Some 60 groups participated in the festival that year. Dan got the gold medal for best actor.

This heady triumph pointed up a

third switch in careers for Dan. Although he got his degree in architecture in 1945, he was already immersed in acting. He got work with the Abbey and Gate theater groups and with Radio Eireann. Then director Carol Reed spotted him, cast him in *Odd Man Out*, a film that became an international success. So did Dan. Hollywood beckoned and he went on to notable roles in a number of films, including *The Young Land*, *Home Before Dark*, and *Imitation of Life*.

By the way, in 1945, the year he got his degree and became an actor, Dan was also married—to Elsie Bennet, a pretty, red-haired Irish actress. She promptly gave up her career to raise a family. At last count, the clan included Owen, Patricia, Gavin, Cormac, and Lorcan Patrick, two dogs, a cat, and a parakeet, all living happily and actively in California's San Fernando valley, which, as Dan says, is "a far cry and loud holler from Dublin."

Not long ago Dan returned to the land of his birth to play the role of an IRA leader in *A Terrible Beauty*. What pleased him most was not the big turnout of his Dublin admirers but the comment of the dance expert hired to coach the actors in a genuine Irish *coeli* or jig.

"I couldn't teach Mr. O'Herlihy a thing," she said. "He knew all the steps and is a feather on his feet!"

THEATER

During March and April, New York's Blackfriars Guild is presenting **Madame Lafayette**, a fictionalized biographical play about the famous French general's wife, Adrienne. Author Catherine Hughes did not have to do much "fictionalizing," since Madame Lafayette's life was sheer drama. She fought French revolutionaries, and saw her grandmother, mother, and sister beheaded. She herself was imprisoned within the shadow of the guillotine. It was she who purchased a common grave for 1,200 victims of the revolution, and founded a convent above it for the Sisters of Perpetual Adoration.

War of another era, another country is the background for a provocative Broadway success. The **Andersonville Trial** reconstructs a famous Civil War military inquiry about the inhuman behavior of a prisoner-of-war camp commander. Played in high key throughout, the production is an electrifying piece of craftsmanship, offers brilliant performances by George C. Scott, Herbert Berghof, and Albert Dekker. Jose Ferrer's direction is superlative.

Scott, Berghof: *accuser, accused*



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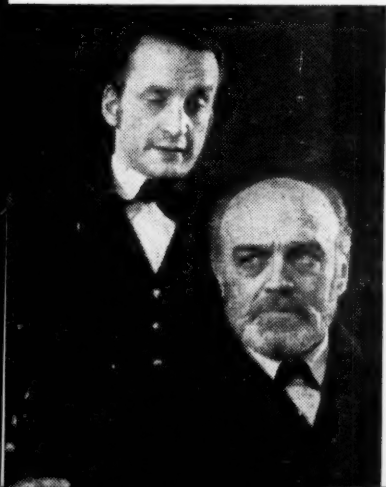
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TELEVISION

More and more, TV is becoming every man's ticket to world travel. It is thrilling and encouraging to turn on that little TV switch and see Kurdish dancers in Iran go through their ancient steps (**CBS Reports**), or how modern Japan lives, right down to how its youth imitates ours (**CBS 20th Century**). Or go shivering on a trip through the Antarctic (**NBC World Wide 60**). These programs and others like them are consistently lifting the level of TV to its rightful place.

ABC has announced it has scheduled a unique situation-comedy series for next fall. **The Flagstones** will be "an adult cartoon show, with the language and behavior of the characters those of the contemporary world, but settings, costumes, and props those of prehistoric times." We asked a Screen Gems official just what this meant. "The Flagstones will live in a split-level cave," he explained. "When Mr. Flag-

stone trims the hedge around his suburban home, he'll pick up a live pterodactyl, and let it tackle the hedge with its saw teeth. The Flagstone car will be foreign—with stone wheels. At work Mr. F. will dictate to a cute blonde secretary who takes notes on a stone slate with a chisel." William Hanna and Joseph Barbera, producers of the *Tom and Jerry* cartoons, have created these characters. Hurry up, September!

Another future event: William Goetz, famous Hollywood producer, will do two Biblical one-hour dramas for ABC-TV for the 1960-61 season. The productions are based on the life of David. They will mark Mr. Goetz's entry into TV.

Those who have not seen Loretta Young whirl through that door Sunday at 10 P.M. on NBC, can make up for the loss. Beginning Feb. 8, the shows will be re-run daily from 2:30 P.M. to 3 P.M. on the same network.

In Iran, Kurdish folk dancers; in Japan, cowboy rock 'n rollers.



BOOKS

You may not judge a book by its covers but publishers think you do. They spend a lot of thought, time, and money on those colorful dust jackets you may or may not admire. For example, when photographing the cover of **The Concise Encyclopedia of Antiques**, Volume IV, Hawthorn Books searched the world for unusual antique items, and borrowed \$10,000 worth of them. They included a clock from Lisbon, a Chinese looking-glass painting from London, a brass chandelier from a Dutch craftsman. Then they had the cover printed in England and imported to the U.S.

Two splendid new books for the homeward traveler: **Eternal Italy** by Arnos Reissman (Viking) has 120 full-page photographs of Italy, a fine text by Carlo Levi. **This is Rome*** (Hawthorn) has more than 50 full-page photographs by Karsh of Ottawa of Bishop Fulton J. Sheen showing the sights of the Eternal City to his nine-year-old grandnephew. Travel writer H. V. Morton wrote the accompanying text.

*May be ordered through
Catholic Digest Book Club.

Cowboy: His Songs, Ballads & Brag Talk. It is a must for anyone who dotes on lore of the Old West. It features Harry Jackson, a painter who himself has been a cowboy, singing some 35 authentic songs of the range.

With Lent upon us, we would like to recommend a remarkable new record, **The Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ**, sung by friars of the a cappella choir of St. Rose priory of Dubuque, Iowa. According to Father Malachy Quinn, O.P., its musical director, the record is "an intimate thing, since solo and unaccompanied voices tell the story."

It is available from the Catechetical Guild, 260 Summit Ave., St. Paul 2, Minn., \$4.25, postpaid.

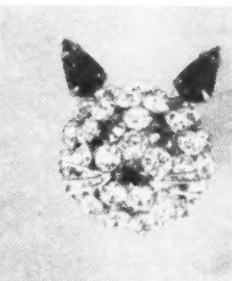
Silent Film Treat

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST published in September, 1959, an article by film archivist John Griggs, *My Favorite Movie Is 40 Years Old*. Since then many readers have asked to see the film. Mr. Griggs has rescued from oblivion **The Confession**, 1919 film classic starring Henry B. Walthall, and made 16mm prints of it, complete with musical score. The film, about a priest and his young brother, has thrilling action scenes, including a man hunt, a near hanging, and a fight on a moving train. A unique show for parish organizations. The 16mm prints may be rented for a nominal fee from John Griggs, Englewood, N. J.

RECORDS

Two unusual records have a nostalgic quality. Coral's "hear them now" album brings history's personalities into your living room. It is called **The Voices of the 20th Century** (CRL 7308), and is narrated by Henry Honda. It contains voices of Florence Nightingale, Edwin Booth, Hitler, John Barrymore, Helen Keller, Edward II, Douglas Fairbanks, and others. The second unique release is a two-record album by Folkways titled **The**

Autograph collecting need not be limited to millionaires and bobby-soxers. A New York firm offers some fascinating samples of celebrity penmanship which when properly framed, can make handsome wall decorations, stimulating conversation pieces. A bold signature of Charles Dickens is \$5; an ornate signature of the man who found Dr. Livingston, Henry M. Stanley, is \$2; a quaint letter written by Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, about a milliner's bill, \$4; and a quatrain in John Boyle O'Reilly's handwriting, \$3. For information, write Charles Hamilton Autographs, 25 E. 53rd St., New York City.



A twinkling whimsy for coat lapel, dress, or hat is the Kit Kat pin. In rhinestone and jet, rhinestone and ruby, or pastel and dark combinations of topaz, amethyst, or emerald, kitty is finished in rhodium or gold, has whiskers to

match, and a strong pin and safety catch. Ring attachment transforms it into a pendant. \$2.50 for pin; \$1 for gold-filled or sterling-silver chain. Zakian Jewelry Co., 58 Engle St., Englewood, N. J.

From time immemorial, ships and travelers have been blessed and placed under God's protection, so for Irish Air Lines, the blessing of airplanes was a natural development of a custom al-

most as old as Christianity. Once a year, at Dublin airport, the blessing of the Irish air fleet is held and special prayers said to Our Lady of Wings. Says an Irish Air Lines official: "The blessing doesn't end with the ceremony. It begins with it. We like to think that our planes, all of which are dedicated to patron saints, rise into the air each time almost like a prayer."

Speaking of things Irish, there is a fascinating story behind Irish Mist Ireland's legendary liqueur. It was the favorite drink of ancient Irish warriors centuries ago, and was known as heather wine. Its blend of whisky, heather honey, and herbs was a family secret passed from father to son. But during 16th-century invasions the secret was lost. It remained a much-mourned mystery until recently, when the Williams family, famous Tullamore distillers, turned up a recipe they are convinced is the original heather wine. Irish Mist is ideal for making the internationally popular drink, Irish coffee. For two hand some 7½ ounce, footed crystal goblets with gold-banded edge for serving Irish Mist coffee, send \$1 to P.O. Box 1742, Grand Central Station, NYC 17.

Get ready for a new word in your vocabulary: coolant. Dow Chemical Co. has introduced a year-round automotive radiator liquid or "coolant" designed to replace antifreeze, water, and rust inhibitors normally used in cars. Car owners will have to replace it only once a year. Purer than purest water the new "coolant" is called Dowgar.



No more bending, stooping, or kneeling for the lady with a floor to wax. New on the market is the Rola-waxer, a streamlined, polystyrene unit in blue and gold, designed to make all hard-surface floor care an easy task. Rola-waxer distributes wax economically and evenly by gravity control, buffs floors to a high sheen. The handle is designed to be held in any position, eliminating tiresome bending. Priced at \$9.95; information available from Osrow Products Co., Inc., Dept. R, Glen Cove, N.Y.

Looking for buried treasure? A new transistorized treasure finder has been designed by Gardiner Electronics of Phoenix, Ariz. It operates from a total of only four flashlight batteries, has a range of 22 feet. Headphones are in the transmitter compartment, and both transmitter and receiver fasten together to form a handy carrying case.

As every gardener knows, nature can be improved upon with pruning shears. And with spring on the doorstep, gardeners are in a pruning mood. They can obtain a new pruning guide at no charge or a special How to Prune handbook for 10¢ by writing to Seymour Smith & Son, Inc., Oakville, Conn.

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By Anne O'Neill-Barna

Ireland, the Land of Youth

Where old age brings reverence, prestige, and power

FIRST, a short fairy tale. Once upon a time, long before St. Patrick, there was a gift of eternal youth in Ireland. Finn MacCool had it, the great king himself, but when the young hero Diarmuid died Finn lost the gift. Diarmuid killed the venomous wild boar, and measuring its length with strides, was pierced by a fatal bristle.

"Nevertheless, it is in thy power to heal me, O Finn," he cried, "if it were thine own pleasure to do so!"

"How should I heal thee?"

"Easily, for when thou didst get the precious power of divining, it was given thee that to whomsoever thou shouldst give a drink from the palms of thy hands he should after that be young and sound from any sickness."

There was a well of pure water nearby, but Finn was unwilling. Three times he went to

the well, but three times he let the water trickle through his fingers, and so Diarmuid died. And the gift of youth and health—what happened to it? It sank with the water into the green fields of Ireland and there it has remained ever since. But its power is still in effect for those who till those green fields today, or on them tend cattle.

If you don't believe that fairy tale you need only consult statistics. The myth is backed by impressive actuarial figures. In a list of some 20 countries, Ireland has the highest proportion of population in the group aged 65 and older. What's more, the Irish population is an aging one. In 1951, 30% were over 45, as against 16% in 1841; and 11% were over 65, against 3% in 1841. Thus, the present population of 3 million contains 117,000 more people over 65 than



here were in 1941, when the population was 6½ million.

Those who distrust both folklore and statistics have only to go to Ireland and look about. Any observer immediately notices the number of spry middle-aged folk busy on farms or bicycling and walking on the roads. What he doesn't realize at first is that these middle-aged people are really old. Nothing in their appearance, attitude, or way of life would make it apparent; it is only from neighbors who know (and take for granted) their ages that the amazing facts emerge.

For instance, there is Mrs. Sarah Johnston of County Fermanagh, who as a young girl sailed to Boston for a fare of £6. She is 107. And there is Paddy Donaghey of Tyrone, who is a living page out of American history. He drove a covered wagon on the Oregon Trail in frontier days.

There is the old soldier, a Connaught Ranger, who used to swim a half mile a day when he was over 90; and the gentleman of 94 who walked from Dublin to the Wicklow mountains and back again every Sunday before dinner.

One woman has reported, "My father is 99. He was born when his father was 70. He can therefore say 'My father was born in 1790'—and he frequently does." Such cases do not impress the Irish in the least. "Sure, what would jar us would kill another," they will tell you, but the truth is they are used to active old age and expect it.

Even in the cities, hale and hearty oldsters are the ordinary thing, from former Premier Eamon de Valera on down. Dev, a mere youngster of 77, is barely launched on a seven-year term as president. Priests, barristers, businessmen, all go on and on, and there are dozens of centenarians tucked away in villages and towns. But the typical home of the very old is the small Irish farm. Wherever the aged are, they are so unremarkable that it takes an official act like a census to ferret them out.

Old-age pensions, some free medical services, and, of course, insurance, depend to a degree on age, which is often difficult to establish because in the old days births were not registered. The people tend to date themselves vaguely: "the famine years," "the year of the big wind," or by references to other generations, which can be very misleading. Godparents may be just a few years older than a godchild, for example. Because of late marriage, a father may be 70 or even 80 when a child is born, and many mothers in rural areas have children when they are over 50.

One old woman, twice married, did not know when she was born but accounted for her years thusly: "I was a big girl when I left school, and then I worked a while, and then I married Dan, and Dan's youngest was away at work when I married Barty, and Barty's oldest is 38 now, so that would make me about 85, I suppose."

Irish doctors often do not know the exact age of their patients, but according to one of them with many years of country practice, it isn't too important. "To know within ten years is good enough. Men of 80 are often in better or 'younger' shape than others of 70. After 65 life becomes easier, and they are likely to cruise then to an advanced age."

Whatever carries them off finally is not significant. "Ah, death must have its excuse," the people say.

Another doctor, well used to elderly patients, tells about a fragile lady who came to the dispensary every week. There was nothing really wrong with her, but since she was in her early 80's he decided that a fortnight in the hospital would do her good. However, the old lady began to get uneasy after a few days and asked to go home. The doctor went to see her.

"Surely," he said, "you're treated well here. Why aren't you content just to rest yourself and forget about home?"

"But doctor dear!" she exclaimed, "Whatever is my mother doing without me?"

There are many busy old folk in the countryside, and some of the urban old are really transplanted countrymen living an essentially rural life in the city; for in Ireland the rural pattern sets the norm for the whole country. There can scarcely be a man in Ireland who is further removed from a farm than by one generation or one degree of relationship.

Very often he will keep hens or a cow in town. He will grow potatoes and cabbage in the garden which is as integral to Irish houses, new and old, as picture windows are in some U. S. suburbs.

That is an important point in the matter of youthfulness, for happy old age appears to be closely related to continuing agricultural activity, rather than to retirement and leisure. Occupational figures show that the old are still active in agriculture: one in 14 farm workers is over 70, against one in 50 in other occupations. It is among the holders of small farms that the greatest number of old people survive—among them and their kin who in more urban situations still hold to the traditional country way of life. This involves simple living, early hours, and fresh unprocessed food.

Small-farm longevity does not seem to depend so much on maintaining a certain regimen, as on such imponderables as the economic necessity which holds older folk as breadwinners. That necessity, by extending indefinitely the period of usefulness, prolongs the prime of life.

Most important of all, age in Ireland does more than continue a pattern of living; it actually brings an increase of prestige and power in the community.

Such factors as diet, climate, natural selection through infant mortality, hereditary and racial characteristics, of course, play a part. But

basically it would appear that the elderly Irish live long because they have a great deal to live for: they are honored and they have power. America gives supremacy to the young and the new; Ireland gives it to the old and the traditional.

In Ireland, children have less to say and elders more. The older countrymen certainly find the present lacking in comparison with the past, sometimes to the exasperation of their juniors.

"Such a ta-ra about them ould times," complained one "young fellow" of 60. "There's no one can do anything right now. You'd say by all the talk that we do nothing at all. Isn't me Da after telling how he used cut turf for tuppence a day, and he a boy of nine. And butter, no one at all can make butter only them heroes, the same as if we worn't churnin' twice what they did!"

Sometimes the old admit that men are more "knacky" now, that they till more land, produce more per acre, and have a higher standard of living. But in general they think that the meager diet of buttermilk, porridge, and potato bread on which they were raised was better. What they are at heart extolling is the folk life that has stretched back uninterrupted through the centuries.

That life is an intricate social system, akin as a pastoral culture with a way of living which used to exist throughout Europe, but which has passed away now almost everywhere. Only on the fringe of the continent,

in such places as rural Ireland, do its vestiges remain. They offer a refuge from the pace of the modern world, a retreat where renewed vigor can still be drawn from the land.

This social system, rooted in experience, provides a niche for everyone, occupation for everyone, definite channels of incentive, reward, and punishment. Status is achieved by the owning and husbanding of land. Industry and responsibility are rewarded, "softness" and waywardness disapproved. The tensions of today do not exist in these communities. In each small holding a man is his own master working for himself, free of the many pressures associated with employment and business.

Unknown too, are the stresses which accompany class structure, social mobility, conspicuous consumption or economic competition. The folk have almost no contact with mass media or with the advertising world. Instead they have a faith which pervades their customs and their tales. There is a common scale of values. Though there may be struggle and rebellion, there is neither confusion nor frustration. These people have "built-in" serenity.

In each farm group, the *cuiard* or clique of old men meet almost every night at the fireside of the senior member. The younger men gather elsewhere to joke and play cards and talk about the next dance. The old men discuss such topics as sowing and reaping, prices of seed and crops, government agricultural schemes.

They compare innovations and traditional methods, and make local political decisions which will later be expressed officially by the county council.

From the first "God save all here," the evening's greeting, to the last quiet "So it is" the old men's way of settling a point, the problems which confront the village are pondered. The fireside is the forum for the wisdom of old age, and to the younger folk the verdict of the old has the effect of law.

Within the family the advice of its oldest members is followed. A common term for an old person is "saint," and reverence is expressed in innumerable small daily acts of service by younger relatives. The place

of honor at feasts and wakes, the best chair by the fire, the better cup of tea, the bigger piece of bread, the glass of whisky, the two eggs instead of one, the pipeful of tobacco—all these go to the old.

Ireland is a place where every woman is either "touching 40" or "pushing 80," there being very little in the way of a transition period between being a girl and a saint. And "girl" itself is used in the sense of the Irish *colleen*, a single woman of almost any age. As for the men like their country, they always have, always have had, and always will have a great future—even at 90. To paraphrase the poet, to be in Ireland is bliss, but to be old in Ireland is very heaven.

In Our Parish

In our parish, when Father Robert J. Ledogar was asked by friends what gift he would like for his ordination, he suggested a pair of oil stocks, the small vessels in which sacramental oils are kept.

He was speechless when the gift arrived—two shares of Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Charles Chick Govin.

In our parish, the Maryknoll Sisters had sent one of their finest to give a talk on vocations to our grade-school girls. She was full of wit and humor. Her audience was captivated by her radiant happiness.

One mother reported that when her little girl came home from school, she threw open the door and announced, "Mommy, when I grow up I'm going to be a Merry Old Nun."

John R. Bourque.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

The Explosions in Brighton

On ordinary days people may be funny, but hundreds were heroic in the face of the strangest disaster of modern times

OF ALL THE DISASTERS that have occurred in the U.S.A., the strangest probably was that which befell Brighton, N.Y., a residential suburb of Rochester, on Sept. 21, 1951. It was an eerie Friday. Individual houses suddenly began to explode on street after street.

They blew up into the air, disintegrated, and slowly fell back, leaving gaunt holes and rubble amid rows of intact homes. It was as though a maniac had placed bombs at random through the town. Forty-six homes — expensive ones, for Brighton is a rich suburb — disintegrated that afternoon. A million dollars could not have rebuilt them.

Only three persons died, however — a girl of eight and a boy of four who were buried together in the debris, and an old lady whose heart failed as she was being carried to safety. This was a disaster in which many people acted well, especially the women, who had to bear the brunt of it.

It started at Twelve Corners, a crossroads in the heart of the Brighton business district. Something went

amiss in a subterranean vault that housed the valves regulating the natural-gas flow. The valves reduced the gas pressure from 30 pounds per square inch to one fifth of a pound, the maximum rate at which it could safely move into people's homes.

At 1:10 P.M., an explosion shook the vault. The concrete roof smashed down. The gas-reducing valves were wrecked. Gas rampaged through the mains and into people's homes at the full 30-pound force, 15,000% greater than normal.

No stove, water heater, or furnace could withstand such pressure. Pilot lights were snuffed out and torrents



*© 1959 by Donald Robinson, and reprinted with permission of Doubleday & Co., Inc., Garden City, N.Y., 240 pp. \$4.50.

of gas hissed into kitchens, cellars, and utility rooms. It needed merely a spark to detonate an explosion. In some cases, it didn't need that. Stoves and furnaces themselves emitted great tongues of flame.

The women in the area were, mostly, home alone with their small children at that time of day.

"I was cooking," said Mrs. Betty Carlson, "and I heard this strange noise coming out of my stove. I immediately turned off all the jets but the stove started to smoke anyway. It was as if my stove was alive."

The women didn't know what to make of it. Some phoned the fire department or the Rochester gas company. Many tried to call their husbands. Most of them were so frightened that they could scarcely dial. One woman did get through to her husband's office; her mouth was so dry that she couldn't speak. She started, automatically, to light a cigarette while she was dialing. She stopped herself just in time.

The majority of the women ran out into the streets, to ask their neighbors what was wrong, or because they sensed or recognized danger. They tried to save nothing except, perhaps, their purses.

Most of the women took their children along with them into the streets. One, grasping her two youngsters by their hands, hadn't gone 80 feet when her house blew up behind her. A few women who didn't understand the danger left their children in their houses.

Houses were soon exploding all around. "Dynamiting on a construction job," some thought at the first blast. But as more houses went up, people saw that something dreadful was happening. "It's an atomic bomb," a woman shrieked. "The end of the world," several moaned, wringing their hands.

It was petrifying. "You'd look down the street," said Mrs. Fisher, "and see a house disintegrate in front of you, and you'd look sideways and see another one down there go, and then you'd hear a noise and see the black smoke."

Rumors spread from street to street. That a fire was loose in the gas mains and every house in Brighton was doomed. That the shopping district was already devastated. That half of Brighton was now in ruins. That scores were dead, and more would be killed.

A report had it that the school at Twelve Corners, which most of the neighborhood children attended, had blown up. "All our children are dead," it was said.

And the husbands weren't there to help. Never had these women felt so hopelessly alone.

Said one, "We were just a bunch of helpless women. We didn't know any of the mysteries of engineering. We couldn't do anything except stand and wait for our houses to blow up and hope that we didn't get hit by any of the pieces."

Some women went to shreds, running every which way, crying and

screaming. A couple of them behaved so irrationally that they had to be held still by force. One young man, newly wed to a neighborhood girl, "just ran up and down wild-eyed, wringing his hands and crying like a baby."

Most of the people clustered fearfully in the middle of the street, wondering which house would go up next. Or whether the streets themselves might blow up under their feet.

Most of the Brighton women and men responded stoutly to the threat, though. Mrs. Mildred Robertson, for instance. She had left her year-old baby in its crib when she ran into the streets for news. Before she could return, the house was on fire. She dashed through the flames and rescued the child.

Other mothers did the same, and more. Not one child in Brighton was abandoned that day no matter how grave the danger. Every mother who had left children went back for them, and for the aged.

Four or five of the more daring women refused to surrender their homes to the gas. They descended into cellars and turned off the gas themselves. "I heard a terrific roar," Mrs. Clara Sears declared. "I thought it was water running. I checked all the faucets, and they were closed; I picked up the stove top and found the pilot light had blown out and was making a terrible racket. I realized something had gone wrong and the best thing I could do was to get

the gas turned off, phone for help, and get out." Ignoring the fumes, Mrs. Sears located the master valve in her cellar and turned it off.

Men who happened to be at home saved their homes in like manner. And not only their own—they ran the risk of helping neighborhood women who came to them.

Best of all was the fine way the men and the women of Brighton kept their heads during the mysterious, frightening events. The men strove to calm the women, hiding their own terror; the women soothed the children. As Mrs. Florence Wilkinson said, "I might have broken down if I hadn't the baby there, but I was trying not to let him see that I was frightened."

When it became necessary to evacuate some streets completely, the Brighton residents worked together calmly. They quickly set up impromptu car pools, giving priority to the aged and ill and mothers with little children. On several occasions, this required women to go back into their explosion-menaced houses for car keys.

Every teacher in the Brighton school did his duty to a T—even those who could hear explosions and see columns of smoke puffing black into the sky over their homes. The bell was rung for fire drill, and the 2,300 pupils quietly marched out onto the athletic field, far from any danger.

It was five hours before Brighton was safe again. The police, firemen,

utility men, and Civil Defense workers had a horrendous job of locating broken gas mains and fighting fires. It took all three of Brighton's fire companies plus 32 companies from Rochester and 30 volunteer companies from other adjacent communities to extinguish the various blazes.

(When one volunteer fireman applied for orders, he was instructed, "Go and find yourself a fire; there are plenty of them.")

Yet for all the destruction, the death toll was small that afternoon. The people of Brighton can thank themselves for that.

NEW WORDS FOR YOU

BY G. A. CEVASCO

English is a composite of words borrowed from other languages. We are especially indebted to Italian for the many English words dealing with art, architecture, and music. *Balcony, opera, soprano, solo, duet* are just a few of these "Italian loan" words. Below in Column A are a dozen more.

Recognize them? Can you match them with their meanings found in Column B?

Column A

1. *pilaster*
2. *fresco*
3. *dilettante*
4. *libretto*
5. *piazza*
6. *oratorio*
7. *adagio*
8. *colonnade*
9. *trill*
10. *capriccio*
11. *rotunda*
12. *parapet*

Column B

- a) A series of columns set at regular intervals.
- b) Low wall or railing at the edge of a platform.
- c) A slow movement, as of a symphony; a slow duet ballet.
- d) The text or words of an opera.
- e) Art of painting on freshly spread plaster.
- f) A rectangular pillar with a base and head.
- g) One who loves art, especially in a superficial way; a dabbler.
- h) A veranda, or porch, of a house; an open, public square; a covered gallery.
- i) To sing with a vibratory effect of voice; to warble, quaver.
- j) Instrumental composition in an irregular style, often whimsical.
- k) Dramatic musical composition based upon a religious theme.
- l) A round building or room, especially one with a dome.

(Answers on page 31)

Late vocations are real vocations

*Mature men, as well as boys,
are called to the priesthood*

FROM ALL OVER the world the cry goes up, "More priests!" Almost always it is assumed that the appeal is to boys in their teens. For centuries it has been normal for the Church to recruit her priests from the young, to mold character in its most formative years, to educate at an age when the mind is most receptive. This probably always will be the normal way. But there have been exceptions—hundreds of them: there was the adult St. Ignatius of Loyola painfully pursuing his studies on schoolboy benches; there was the lawyer St. Ambrose, and even the ex-playboy St. Augustine.

St. Paul was a late vocation. So were all the Apostles, except, perhaps, St. John. Our Lord could, of course, have gathered about Him a group of youths (as Socrates did) and given them many years of instruction. But He chose adults from many backgrounds and gave them an intensive course of some three years.

In view of the world-wide shortage of priests, surely there is room for

greater encouragement of adult vocations.

St. John Bosco was a laborer for late vocations. Although in 19th-century Italy a boy of 18 or 20 was regarded as a late vocation, his arguments hold good for genuine late vocations today. In a memorandum addressed to Pope Leo XIII he wrote, "My experience proves that out of 100 boys who begin their studies with the intention of becoming priests, scarcely six or seven persevere. On the other hand, in the case of adults, out of 100 who make a start, about 90 reach their goal."

A 6% success among boys seems very low. Yet in the average seminary today the proportion of 1st-year philosophers who reach the priesthood

Father Hannah, former clergyman of the Church of England, was received into the Church in 1955, and ordained from the Beda college, Rome, in June, 1959. He has been appointed to the Catholic Inquiry forum in Montreal.

*3 Park Place, New York City. October, 1959. © 1959 by Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

is only 50% or 60%. And 90% success for late vocations is not at all optimistic, judged by the records of the Pontifical Beda college in Rome, which trains late vocations and converted Protestant clergy.

At a temporal level, this greater efficiency goes far to offset the disadvantage that the middle-aged ordinand has fewer active years to offer his diocese in return for his training.

A distinction must be drawn between *late* vocations and *delayed* vocations; in practice the latter are far more numerous. It often happens that the call to the priesthood comes early in life, only to be stifled temporarily, perhaps by family opposition or by the attractions of a more lucrative career in the world. But God keeps nagging, and in the end some repent and wholeheartedly answer the call.

Even more often the vocation is delayed by duties in the world—a widowed mother must be supported, or younger brothers and sisters educated. Such men, when they become free, may bring with them great gifts of perseverance; they have kept the light of their vocation burning through many years of frustration.

God's ways, however, are inscrutable; there is certainly no evidence that He limits vocation only to those in adolescence, though this is his customary way of acting. It may well be within divine providence that God may want the maturity and experience of a banker, actor, soldier, teacher, dock laborer, musician, art-

ist, lawyer, or even prize fighter. All these professions, and many more, have been represented at the Beda!

There is nothing to rule out the retired businessman of 55 or 60, perhaps a widower, who is still active, healthy, and young for his years, from being moved to devote his last years to the priesthood rather than spend his retirement in idleness. There should be a quiet sphere of activity for him, perhaps one that releases a younger man for more strenuous duties.

If late vocations are to be increased, further provision would have to be made for their training. Many middle-aged men have taken their places in seminaries with youths perhaps half their age, but considerable heroism is required, and there have been failures, too. The prospect may well deter many would-be aspirants.

For the youth, a primary object of seminary training is the formation of character. With the older man, the character is already formed for better or worse—and one assumes for better if he has been accepted.

As Msgr. C. L. H. Duchemin, rector of Beda, has said, "With such a man, training is not merely a matter of good will; his mind is no longer as elastic as it was when he was 18, and his body has formed habits which render him unable to face the hardships that are good for younger men. He may be, and, indeed, should be ready to go to any seminary chosen by his bishop, but there he would have to spend six or seven years (less

easily spared at 40 or over than at 20). Again, there is the question of discipline; in the ordinary seminary it is designed to train youths in the fundamental ways of living, and it is not suitable for a man of 40. He requires a different set of rules that will adapt his character as it is to receive the new dignity of the priesthood. Professional teachers know that you cannot mix the ages.

"The Beda course was planned by the Sacred Congregation of Studies; it concentrated philosophy into one year, and theology into a cycle of three years; explanations are given in English, but studies are made from the ordinary Latin textbooks, and in that way the student becomes familiar with the complete Scholastic system. This means quick going, but it suits men whose minds are mature."

In addition to this complete but shortened course in philosophy, theology, and morals there is also instruction in Sacred Scripture, canon law, Church history, ascetical theology, and Church music. The academic year is broken by short holidays, when students are free to explore Italy, and a reasonable latitude is allowed for having occasional meals outside the college.

"The community life," Monsignor Duchemin rightly points out, "is agreeable and in many respects unique. The large variety of characters and temperaments removes all fear of monotony, while the common aim unites the men in a bond of close friendship. One might describe the

atmosphere at the Beda as the result of combining a seminary, an English university, and an officers' mess."

The Beda has been, on the whole, extremely successful in achieving what it sets out to do. But the Beda is an *English* college, for whose vacancies the English bishops have priority. There are also students from the Commonwealth countries and Ireland, and almost always at least two or three Americans, but Americans can hope only to fill vacancies.

When in 1951 Father Ashley Pettis, himself a Beda priest, wrote an article like this in the *Catholic World*, he received more than 150 letters of inquiry from adult American aspirants to the priesthood. Such a response is surely extremely significant of what could be done. Much as the English students would miss their American brethren, they would rejoice in the establishment of a parallel institution for late vocations from the U.S. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

St. John Bosco, despite direct encouragement from Pius IX and Leo XIII, had to overcome a great deal of opposition in his work for late vocations. A certain suspicion of late vocations is not dead even today.

The prudent selection of candidates certainly presents special problems. Cranks and eccentrics can be weeded out quite as easily as among more junior seminarians, perhaps, indeed, more easily, as such failings will probably be already established. (But please, let us have a few eccen-

trices in the priesthood, if otherwise suitable and saintly, rather than a dead level of sacerdotal normality!)

Both motive and background require special scrutiny. Occasionally the failure in secular life will seek the security of the clerical state as a lifelong meal ticket. During depressions late-vocation aspirants have a tendency to rise. But it does not follow that the business failure will necessarily be a priestly failure; he may simply have no aptitude for running a business.

In England during the war men sought entrance to seminaries to evade military service. They were mostly obvious misfits, when accepted at all, who soon discovered for

themselves that the army was preferable to a seminary when there was no true vocation. In any case, these are exceptions, and a seminarian's faulty intention may invalidate a vocation at any age.

The late vocation may feel a pang of envy sometimes for the young seminarian or priest who, with the light of a first love and enthusiasm in his eyes, goes to labor in the Master's vineyard at the fresh dawn of his day. "He realizes" says Monsignor Duchemin, "that by arriving at a late hour he has in a sense lost valuable time; yet he consoles himself by remembering that nevertheless he did mysteriously receive a call which he has tried to answer."



IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

* Sister Maryanna, O.P., once had a pupil named Tommy who, before an 8th-grade debate, removed from the library all the books containing arguments for his opponents and asked Sister to hide them in her desk. Tommy was one of more than a thousand children who "wriggled or sauntered through my life, leaving it richer and fuller year by year." From her new book, *With Love and Laughter*.

* That strong, silent fellow from Montana, Gary Cooper, has been pulling crowds into theaters for 30 years, but he had a hard time catching on in films when he first went to Hollywood. His now-famous embarrassed grin finally won him a contract without a screen test. The article is condensed from the *Catholic Preview of Entertainment*.

* Billie Burke, the bright-eyed veteran of stage and screen, tells why it is much better to be a grandmother than a mother-in-law. But granting that you can't be the first without being the second, she has some common-sense advice on how to get along with your children-in-law. A chapter of her new book written with Cameron Shipp, *With Powder on My Nose*.

Books I Never Read Before

I'm filling the gaps in a bad education

THERE IS MUCH to be said for a bad education. Mine was deplorable; and I deplored it for years. I flaunted it as if it were a kind of cultural Purple Heart which both excused my deficiencies and lent luster to my mild achievements. But as time goes on I find that even ignorance has its brighter side.

I grew up no better instructed about the world of books than was Columbus about global geography. Thus I had in store for me, as he did, the splendors of discovery. There is such a thing as a literary landscape; to that, to nearly the whole length and breadth of classic English writing, I came as an astonished stranger. No one who first enters that country on a conducted tour can have any notion what it is like to travel it alone, on foot, and at his own pace.

I am not exaggerating. My education really was bad. As a child I lived on a ranch in Colorado. The nearest one-room schoolhouse was four miles away and the roads were nearly impassable in winter. Sometimes there was no teacher for the school; sometimes my brother and I were the only

pupils. If there was a public library within practical distance I never heard of it.

We were a reading family, but my father's library ran chiefly to history and law and the collected works of Bulwer-Lytton. I wolfed down what I could but found much of it indigestible. In my teens neither the public high school of a very small Western town nor the boarding school I later attended made much effort to mend the damage. It seems to me now that we were always having to make reports on *Ivanhoe* or repeat from memory passages from



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Burke's *Speech on Conciliation*. I spent most of one year parsing *Snow-bound*.

However, it was at college that I seriously managed to learn nothing. My alma mater was a state university where there were no entrance examinations. Anybody could come and everybody did, for the proms and the football games; and they sat under a faculty which for relentless mediocrity must have outstripped any in the land. So, by putting my mind to it, I was able to emerge from four years there quite uncorrupted by literary knowledge.

Somewhere along the line, out of a jumble of courses in Sociology, Household Chemistry, Hygiene, and Beginner's German, I remember picking up bits and pieces of learning designed to enrich my life: the Theory of Refrigeration; the fact that Old German and Anglo-Saxon were two languages balefully akin and equally revolting; and the law about no offspring's having eyes darker than the eyes of the darker of his two parents.

I also, in one semester, was made to bolt Shakespeare entire, including the sonnets. The result of such forced feeding left me with an acute allergy to the Bard that I was years getting over. Otherwise, few Great Books impinged on my life. Through a complicated system of juggling credits and wheedling department heads, I was able to evade even the standard General Survey of English Literature.

I read things, of course. I was even considered quite a bookworm by my sorority sisters, who had given up going to the library after polishing off *The Wizard of Oz*. But most of what I read was contemporary stuff.

Thus, when I got out of college I had read Mencken but not Marlowe, Atherton but not Austen, Hoffenstein but not Herrick, Shaw but not Swift, Kipling but not Keats, Millay but not Marvell. Unbelievable as it may seem, I had never even read A. E. Housman. Although I had scribbled verses in my notebooks during geology lectures, I had not so much as heard of Herbert or Donne or Gay or Prior or Hopkins. I had shunned Chaucer and avoided Dryden.

Oliver Goldsmith I knew by hearsay as the author of a dull novel called *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Milton had written solely in order to plague the young with *Il Penseroso*. I hadn't read *Vanity Fair* or *Ethan Frome* or *Essay on Man* or *Anna Karenina* or *The Hound of Heaven* or *Dubliners*. Almost none of the alleged classics, under whose burden the student is supposed to bow, had I peered into either for pleasure or for credit.

As a result, although I came to them late, I came to them without prejudice. We met on a friendly basis. Can the well-educated always claim as much?

I commiserate with people for whom *Silas Marner* was once required reading. They tell me it left permanent scars on their childhood.

Certainly they could not approach George Eliot as open-mindedly as I did. Only a year or two ago, I tried *Adam Bede* as one might taste for the first time an olive. "But it's magnificent!" I went around exclaiming to my friends. "I've been deceived! You told me George Eliot was dull."

I pity the unlucky ones who wrote compositions on "Richardson as the Father of the English Novel." They could never come, relaxed and amused, upon *Clarissa* as if it were a brand-new book. The literate may cherish as dearly as I do such disparate joys as *The Deserted Village* or *Pride and Prejudice* or *The Old Curiosity Shop* or *The Bostonians*. But do they feel the same proprietary delight as I do toward them? Behind those pages, for me, hovers no specter of the loose-leaf notebook. Each is my own discovery.

Often such discoveries have been embarrassing. Once I had begun to read for pleasure in a century not my own, I kept stumbling across treasures new to me only. I remember when I first pulled *Cranford* out of a boardinghouse bookcase shortly after I had left college. For weeks I kept buttonholing my friends to insist they taste with me that charming tidbit written by some unheard-of wit who signed herself simply Mrs. Gaskell. And I blushed to learn that they had nearly all read it—and disliked it—at school.

I no longer go about beating the drum for each masterpiece I unearth, but neither am I apologetic about

someone's having been there before me. After all, Cortez (or Balboa, if you insist on being literal) must have known, when he surveyed the Pacific from that peak in Darien, that generations of Indians had seen it earlier. But the view was new to him. His discovery was important because it came at the right time in his career.

So mine have come. There are books that one needs maturity to enjoy just as there are books an adult can come on too late to savor. I have never, for instance, been able to get through *Wuthering Heights*. That I should have read before I was 16. I shall never even try *Treasure Island*, which I missed at 12.

On the other hand, no child can possibly appreciate *Huckleberry Finn*. I don't mean that he can find no pleasure in it. He can and does. But it takes a grownup to realize its wry and wonderful bouquet. Imagine opening it for the first time at 40! That was my reward for an underprivileged youth.

No matter how enchanting to the young are the realms of gold, maturity makes one a better traveler there. Do not misunderstand me. I wish with all my heart that I had taken to the road earlier. But since I began the journey late, I make use of what advantages I have. I am not on fire to see everything at once. There is no goal I must reach by any sunset.

And how fresh all the landscape is to me! I wander as far afield as I care to. One range of hills opens out into

another which I shall explore in due time. I move forward or backward. I retrace my steps when I please. I fall in love with the formal grandeur of the 18th century and stop there for as long as the mood holds. Boswell's *London Journal* leads me back into Johnson himself and into the whole great age. I read Pope and Gray and Goldsmith and backward still through Richardson and Fielding. I read the letters and diaries of Miss Burney because Dr. Johnson calls her his "dear little Fanny." And that leads me forward once more to Jane Austen. I could not proceed at a pace so leisurely were I 20 once more and in haste to keep up with the fashionable cults. I go where I like. I read Gibbon one week and Sarah Orne Jewett the next, with catholic pleasure. I keep Montaigne and Clarence Day and Coleridge on the same bedside stand.

Because I am grown-up I am under no compulsion from either the critics or the professors to like *anything*. If I try *Tristram Shandy* and find it heavy going, I never open the second volume. If I do not agree with the world that *Moby Dick* is the Great American Novel, I need not pretend to enjoy Melville. I think Trollope dull. (That is nothing against Trollope; I need not dwell in the country he has invented.)

It is wonderful to be a member of no party! I pick my own way among the landmarks. No Baedeker distracts me from the scenery. I can be behind-times enough to like Tenny-

son and Browning. I can prefer Crashaw to Donne and Willa Cather to Ronald Firbank. I can read (and disagree with) Virginia Woolf on Monday, and on Tuesday begin an amiable argument with Newman. And so much still to see! Peak upon peak unfolds. But there are also delightful little fenced fields and flowery culverts where I can rest when I do not wish to climb. I have not read *War and Peace*. But then I've never read anything by Rider Haggard, either, or Wilkie Collins, or anything of Mary Webb's except *Precious Bane*. I haven't read Pepys's *Diary* or Katherine Mansfield's. I have *The House of the Seven Gables* ahead of me, and I have also *Our Mutual Friend*.

For all my discoveries, one of the most wonderful was Dickens himself. How many of the educated can even suspect the delights of such a delayed encounter? I think we owned a *Collected Works* when I was a child. But I had tried *David Copperfield* too early and had thought all my life that he was not for me.

One night last winter I was sleepless and somehow without a book. From our own shelves I took down *Little Dorrit*, which people tell me now is the least beguiling of the lot. But Keats first looking on his Homer could have been no more dazzled than I first poring on my Boz.

I felt as a treasure hunter might feel had he tripped over the locked chest that belonged to Captain Kidd. How many novels were there? Thir-

ty-odd? And every one of them still to be possessed!

I got as drunk on Dickens for a while as I used to on the Cavalier poets when I first discovered *them*. I read, in quick succession, *Great Expectations*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *Oliver Twist*, *The Pickwick Papers*, the very *David Copperfield* which had once put me off, and then the preposterous, magnificent, exasperating, ridiculous, and utterly engrossing *Bleak House*. I stopped there for fear I should have a surfeit; but it's nice

to know that the rest of Dickens's novels are there waiting for me.

I still deplore my education. I shall never read Latin verse in the original or have a taste for the Brontës. But all handicaps have compensations, and I have learned to accept both cheerfully. To have first met Dickens, Austen, and Mark Twain when I was capable of giving them the full court curtsy is beatitude enough for any reader. Blessed are the illiterate, for they shall inherit the word!



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 22)

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--|
| 1. pilaster (pi-las'ter) | f) A rectangular pillar with a base and head. |
| 2. fresco (fres'ko) | e) Art of painting on freshly spread plaster. |
| 3. dilettante (dil-et-tant') | g) One who loves art, especially in a superficial way; a dabbler. |
| 4. libretto (li-bret'o) | d) The text or words of an opera. |
| 5. piazza (pi-az'a) | h) A veranda, or porch, of a house; an open, public square; a covered gallery. |
| 6. oratorio (or-a-tow'ri-o) | k) Dramatic musical composition based upon a religious theme. |
| 7. adagio (a-da'jio) | c) A slow movement, as of a symphony; a slow duet ballet. |
| 8. colonnade (kol-o-nade') | a) A series of columns set at regular intervals. |
| 9. trill (trill') | i) To sing with a vibratory effect of voice; to warble, quaver. |
| 10. capriccio (ka-pree'chi-o) | j) Instrumental composition in an irregular style, often whimsical. |
| 11. rotunda (row-tun'da) | l) A round building or room, especially one with a dome. |
| 12. parapet (par'a-pet) | b) Low wall or railing at the edge of a platform. |

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

By Art Linkletter

Condensed from "The Secret World of Kids"*

How to Rear a Solid Citizen

You can enjoy your children—in spite of them



IF YOU'RE EVER in a group where the conversation is getting dull, just bring up the subject of kids and discipline. Nothing will ginger up discussion (or wreck old friendships) faster. Everybody considers himself an authority. When to punish? How to punish? To spank or not to spank? Yakety-yak, far into the night.

My own views are reflected in the story of the lady who took her little darling shopping. Right in the middle of a big department store His Young Highness threw a royal tantrum. Kicks, screams, roars—the works. The distracted mother stood helpless until a clerk whispered to her that the store had its own psychologist for just such emergencies. A great authority, trained in Vienna.

"Get him," cried the frantic mother. "Quick!"

So the psychologist appeared, surveyed the horrid scene, then whispered something into Junior's shell-pink ear. The tantrum ceased at once.

"My goodness," gasped the mystified parent. "That was wonderful. What on earth did you say to him?"

"Why," replied the great man, "all I said was, 'Listen, you little brat, if you don't stop that yelling this instant I'm going to break every bone in your body!'"

A kid can't teach himself discipline, so the parent must. If the parent doesn't teach the child self-control when he's young, life is going to teach him much more harshly when he's older.

And the child is going to resist. Why not? For the first few months of his life, he's allowed to act pretty much as he pleases. Then suddenly grownups begin to thwart him. And how does he react? Exactly the way you would if you were in his place: with red-faced rage. If screams and yells seem inadequate, he'll add wall kicking, head pounding, and breath holding—all designed to measure a parent's will to resist. And if the parent is intimidated, then the kid has

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learned the gentle art of blackmail, and he'll go on using it just as long as it works.

I can't claim to be a firsthand authority on tantrums, but my advice would be this. 1. Don't give in. Make it plain to the child that tantrum tossing removes every chance to win a concession. 2. Don't lose your own temper; one tantrum at a time is enough. 3. Don't display any signs of agitation (he'll be watching you like a hawk). Just pick up the young master, deposit him in a room devoid of breakables, close the door, and ignore the roars.

But always leave the kid a chance to save face. Try something like "You can come out when you've stopped crying." Otherwise he may work himself into a spot where he can't abandon his bad behavior without feeling like a quitter.

Have you ever attended a birthday party where Johnny whacks Sally over the head with a toy shovel, or vice versa? Or watched an embarrassed mama try to persuade Jimmy to share his toys—with about as much success as a zoo keeper trying to persuade a hungry leopard to go halves on his ration of raw meat?

Such behavior is par for the two-year-old course. Every parent wants his offspring to be a model of decorum. But it's silly to expect a child to exhibit traits of unselfishness that it took mankind half a million years to develop.

So don't be alarmed if Junior's debut into society is marked by occa-

sional attempts at assault, mayhem, assassination, or even cannibalism. You may have to prevent him periodically from splitting Sally's skull, setting Stevie on fire, scalping Susie, or biting large chunks out of the new baby.

By the time they're three, kids have already learned to distinguish between "good" and "bad" words. I'll never forget one youngster who appeared on our House Party program. "Did your parents tell you anything to do or not to do on the show today?" I asked her.

She nodded solemnly. "They told me not to say any dirty words."

"Dirty words?" I was surprised. "I'll bet a little girl like you doesn't even know any."

"Oh, yes, I do," she said. "You ought to hear my mother yelling at the neighbors!"

Very funny, on the air. In real life, not so funny. Children don't just naturally start using bad language. They have to be exposed to it. All too often the exposure takes place right in their own homes. Half the time they don't even know what the word means, but they know it has shock value. So they use it to get attention.

The best way to discourage this little game is not to react the way the kid wants you to react. Don't faint, flinch, or turn pale. If possible, look bored. Say that such language is childish, which it is. (The last thing any child wants to be considered is childish.) Then change the subject.

If the mail I get is any yardstick, the most urgent question in America today is not what to do about the Russians, or inflation, or space travel. It's how to get Junior to eat his vegetables.

Junior senses the fact that mommy is being driven by a powerful instinct that impels her to feed her young. He knows that he can't fight her openly; she is much bigger and stronger than he is. But here he can really make her squirm. She can't pry open his mouth and make him swallow his food. If she browbeats him too much, he soon discovers that he has an amazing invention right inside him—a reversible stomach.

I have a plaintive note from a housewife in Milwaukee. "What about a seven-year-old boy who refuses to eat anything but hamburgers? His father and I can't do a thing with him."

The crux of the problem lies in that word *can't*. Here are two great big grownups groveling in front of a seven-year-old because they're afraid he'll starve to death if they take his hamburgers away. Or they've been taught to think that if they deny his slightest whim he'll become a mass of inhibitions and grow up to be a howling neurotic.

Poppcock! The cure is simply a little judicious starvation. His mother should give her son well-balanced meals, and then if he doesn't eat, let him starve! She'd be amazed at how soon everything looks good to him. Any doctor will tell you that a couple

of skipped meals won't hurt a child. But a little judicious starvation *will* prove who is running the household.

In fairness to the kids, I must confess that I have known parents who were fanatical about their children's food habits. A child may genuinely dislike a certain food. Or his plate may have been overloaded by an overzealous parent—or even one who is unconsciously expressing some resentment toward the child. Sometimes a minor emotional upset (a 1st grader facing school, for instance) can render him honestly incapable of eating anything.

As for the old bugaboo about eating between meals, a child should certainly not be permitted to gorge himself on sweets whenever he feels like it. However, children do burn up energy very quickly, and when you're growing fast your body may not be satisfied with three meals a day. In our house, we never put any ban on milk or fruit between meals.

It's the old question of trying to maintain an intelligent balance between the extremes of no discipline and unreasonable strictness. Some parents are too quick to pounce. Like the father I heard about the other day who observed that his four-year-old wasn't eating her supper.

"Sally," he said ominously, "you've been eating between meals."

"No, daddy," she said. "I haven't."

"Look me square in the eye, young lady!"

"I can't, daddy," she murmured sadly.

"Aha!" he said triumphantly. "And why not?"

"Because," she said demurely, "you haven't got square eyes, daddy."

It's a pity when "cleaning up your plate" becomes a great issue. It can spoil the few daily occasions when members of a family naturally get together. There's no place in the world like the dinner table for family discussions, the telling of jokes or minor adventures, or even a little good-natured teasing.

The family dinner table, too, is a great training ground for manners. A nodding acquaintance with "Please," "Thank you," "Excuse me," can be naturally implanted there.

So if the family dinner seems to be vanishing from your home in favor of hasty snacks in front of the television set, get it back. Encourage the kids to express themselves freely. Have an ironclad rule against bickering, arguing, reading, TV watching, or radio listening. Pay attention to just one thing: each other. You'll be amazed to find out how much fun you will have.

Often my mailbag brings questions from anxious parents whose offspring have strayed from the truth. Where children and falsehoods are concerned, you have to distinguish between the truth boosters and the truth dodgers.

The truth boosters are so full of imagination that plain old dull reality isn't good enough for them. They have to liven it up a little.

I asked a young man of seven,

"What's the funniest thing you ever saw?"

You could almost hear the wheels in his head begin to whirl. "Yesterday afternoon," he said, "I heard a rap on the back door, and when I opened it this funny thing came into the house."

"Funny thing?" I prompted him. "What do you mean?" His eyes grew wide. "Well, it had the feet of a horse and the neck of a lion and a body like a cow's and . . ."

"What was its tail like?"

"Like a fish!"

"What did you do with it?" I thought this might slow him up.

"I brought it in and introduced it to my dog!"

"And what did your dog do?"

"He ran out of the house, and I haven't seen him since."

"Well," I said helplessly, "where is this thing now?"

"It's home," he assured me, "watching us on TV!"

I gazed at him sternly. "This is all true, now, isn't it? Not just imagination?"

"Sure, it's true," he said indignantly. "And I don't know what a 'magination' is. I don't think I've got one."

He was no liar; he was just a truth booster. All children have this vivid streak of make-believe in them. Some of them visualize things so intensely that they really can't tell where reality ends and fantasy begins.

Some have a remarkable insight. The other day I asked a young lady of six to describe her conscience for

me. Her answer came out in a rush, with no time for punctuation. "It's a gray ghost inside you with a friendly face but it stops smiling when your nerves begin to write a note to it when you want to do something bad and when the ghost sees this bad note he gets very angry and yells 'Stop!'"

The truth boosters are fun to have around. But the truth dodgers distort facts, not for fun but for their own advantage, or to avoid criticism or punishment.

No parent likes his child to be dishonest. But he should also ask himself whether perhaps the youngster hasn't been subjected to *too* much discipline. If a child is frightened of punishment, he will do almost anything to avoid it.

Parents sometimes forget that kids haven't had time to develop a strong sense of right and wrong. A ten-year-old takes 50¢ from her mother's purse, and buys candy for all the kids in the block. This is stealing, and certainly it should be discouraged. But it is at least possible that the child's mind was so fixed on her good motives (generosity and pleasure sharing with her friends) that she thought of nothing else. Or perhaps she felt that since this was "family" money she had some right to it. Or maybe she figured that if her mother had been home she would have received permission to take the money.

It is much more difficult for a child to distinguish between right and wrong than for a grownup, who has had several decades of experience.

But very often we grownups judge a child's action by adult standards. And that simply isn't fair.

Sometimes a child will deliberately do something that he knows is wrong. Then something must be done to convince him that such behavior doesn't go. The parent finds himself squarely on the spot. If the punishment is too weak, it will have no effect. If it's too strong, it can affect the whole parent-child relationship, or even damage the child's personality. No wonder some parents become so confused that they alternate between spinelessness and flashes of harshness—the worst of all climates for bringing up children.

Such parents need to realize that children not only need discipline but want it. For a child, the feeling that there are no rules can be terrifying. He interprets it to mean that nobody cares—and sometimes he's right!

A friend of mine sent her eight-year-old boy to a progressive camp, one of those places where Junior was allowed to express himself freely and do pretty much as he pleased. All seemed to go well except for one odd thing: Junior kept writing home that he needed another pair of sneakers.

After the mother had mailed three pairs, she finally dispatched her husband, with yet another pair, to visit the camp. Dad asked Junior why he kept losing his shoes.

"Well," the youngster said unhesitatingly, "we have a game we play. We see who can throw his shoe farthest into the lake."

Dad's reaction to this happy bit of information was to take one of the new sneakers and apply it vigorously to the area where he thought it would do the most good. Junior shed a few tears, but not many. "Gosh, dad," he said, when the storm was over, "I'm glad *somebody* feels that way about it!"

What's more, most children would rather have their punishment swift and to the point than face a ceaseless verbal barrage. Parents who nag their children are being much more unkind than those who enforce rules with a bit of well-calculated palmistry. I'll never forget the sad-eyed little girl who was answering my questions on House Party one morning.

"How old are you?" I asked her.

"Five," she said.

"And how old would you like to be?"

She thought a minute. "Nine thousand."

"Nine thousand!" I said. "That's pretty old. Why would you like to be that old?"

She said, bleakly, "Cause then I'd be dead."

"Why do you want to be dead?" I asked, startled.

"Because it would be so peaceful," she said. "Mommy wouldn't be screaming at me all the time."

It was a chilling little bit of dialogue. I only hope that mommy was listening.

Some philosopher once said that education begins at the bottom—of

the child. I don't believe in beatings. I don't believe in straps or switches. But with some children, at certain times, a good smart slap on the backside is the quickest and most effective way to cut through the layers of selfishness and inconsiderateness that are making him behave like a monster.

The decision to spank or not to spank varies with the temperament of the child, the degree of wilfulness, the nature of the crime. Here are a few suggestions based on my own experience.

1. Never spank a child when you're in a rage. You may hit harder than you intend to. And the child will know perfectly well that *you're* out of control—precisely the crime you're punishing *him* for. This won't increase either his love or his respect for you. On the other hand, no parent should be coldblooded about punishment, either. There is something repulsive about the deliberate infliction of pain. Be angry, but make sure your anger is under control.

2. Don't spank for trifles. The crime should be a major one; it should have been committed deliberately, not by accident; the child should know exactly what he is being punished for, and why.

3. The spanking should be carried out as soon after the misdeed as possible. Small children have short memories.

Spanking loses its effectiveness as a child reaches the age of reason. It should no longer be necessary by the

age of nine. Spanking a teen-ager has to be a real beating if it's going to make any impression—and who wants to punish that severely? I can think of delightful tortures to administer to a wayward teen-ager, including a total curfew on dates, the abrupt drying up of allowances, and the elimination of some favorite pastimes.

Most important, punishment should always be balanced by affection. Soon after a necessary chastising the parent should find a way to reassure the child. Remind him that he is a treasured part of the family. Make him feel that his parents' love for him is still there, unshaken by the transgression, whatever it may have been.

The parent who can blend these two ingredients, love and discipline,

in the right proportions will find all the other problems of bringing up children easier.

Don't despair if you seem to have produced a potential Lizzie Borden, Lucrezia Borgia, or Al Capone. Sure, some kids will be tantrum tossers and toy snatchers at two, habitual "liars" at four, and self-centered and vacuum-minded at eight, and heaven knows what at 16.

But they'll probably get over it. In between times they'll be as affectionate as kittens, as playful as porpoises, as unpredictable as the stock market, as lively as crickets, and as much fun as any other cliché you care to mention.

Even when they're bad they're wonderful, in a ghastly sort of way. Ever hear of a parent who traded one in? I never did!



THE PERFECT ASSIST

I was lubricating a car in my service station in East Bradenton, Fla. As I walked under the lift, I didn't duck low enough. I caught my head on the cross support and laid my scalp open.

My customer offered to take me to the hospital. He had just paid me for the job with a large bill. Since I didn't have change, I took the bill across the street to my competitor, an Amoco station operator.

He expressed concern about my bleeding head. When I told him that I was going to close my station and go for medical aid, he immediately went into action. He packed me into his service car, sent one of his men across the street to run my station for me, and rushed me to the hospital.

For several days after that, puzzled customers were still talking about that fellow in an Amoco uniform who had been selling Gulf gas in my station.

Stan Clark.

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Happy Though Married

*Our divorce counselor has decided
we must both be sick, sick, sick*

WE JUST CELEBRATED our seventh wedding anniversary. We're not bragging. In fact, we found it disturbing. When we looked around we discovered that many of our friends who were married around the same time we were are either separated or divorced. There are so few who are still happily married that we decided there must be something wrong with us.

"We're sick," I said to my wife. "What's happened to us?"

She agreed. "We're abnormal. Everyone is talking. Most of the girls I went to school with have been married at least twice."

"For the last seven years we've been drifting together," I said. "I think we need some outside help."

"I was going to say the same thing," she said. "I'm willing to seek it out if you are."

"I'm ready if you are," I said.

It was good to clear the air, and we immediately made an appointment with a divorce counselor. A divorce counselor operates like a marriage



counselor except that instead of trying to get people together, he tries to break them apart. Most people go to a divorce counselor only as a last resort, when it looks as if their marriage is going to last forever.

We arrived at his office together. This was our first mistake. The reception room was simply furnished. It had a few comfortable chairs and a low table with magazines featuring stories such as *Wedding Bells Drove Me Mad*, and *How I Invested My Alimony and Made a Million*.

*230 W. 41st St., New York City 18, Oct. 29, 1959. © 1959 by the New York Herald Tribune, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

On the walls were pictures—men on one side, women on the other—of people the divorce counselor had managed to break up.

The counselor came out and nodded to us to come in. We sat down. The first thing he said was, "I'd appreciate it if you didn't hold hands in this office."

We both put our hands on our laps.

"Now tell me your story from beginning to end and don't leave out any details. The smallest thing that may seem unimportant to you could shed a great deal of light on the case for me."

We told him everything: how we had met; about our home; how although we had occasional fights, we always made up.

He kept tapping his pencil against his ear.

"Do you have any arguments about money?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I give it to her and she spends it."

He frowned. "Now, when you fight, does she ever threaten to go home to her mother?"

My wife replied, "My mother lives in Pennsylvania. It's too far to go home, and, besides, the children are in school and I'd hate to have them miss a term."

"Do you ever send your wife flowers?"

"All the time," I replied. "I get them wholesale."

"Does he notice when you go to the hairdresser or when you buy a

new dress or hat?" the counselor asked.

My wife said, "Oh, yes! I can't buy anything new without him commenting on it."

"What does he say?"

"He wants to know how much it costs."

"And then when you tell him, does he get mad?" the counselor prompted hopefully.

"No, he just shrugs his shoulders and walks into another room."

The counselor broke his pencil in half. "Do you have things in common to talk about?"

"Oh, yes!" we said. "Lots of things."

"Like what?"

"Like all our friends breaking up."

The counselor threw his broken pencil across the room. "This is the most hopeless case I've ever tackled," he exploded. "Why don't both of you grow down? Everything you've told me makes no sense at all. You have too much in common. You should have gotten married when you were both younger and didn't know what you were doing. If it had only been a war marriage I think I could have helped."

"You mean it's too late?" we asked.

"It's never too late to get a divorce," he said hastily; "but you have to want it. My advice to both of you is as follows. Go home and try to get on each other's nerves."

"You must be a jealous wife," he said, turning to my wife. "And you

have to show a little more immaturity," he said to me.

"Keep track of each other's faults," he went on. "Blow up little things until they seem like big problems. Move into smaller quarters, infringe on each other's thoughts."

He eyed us sternly. "Remember this: happiness isn't everything!"

We thanked him profusely as he escorted us to the door. But when I unthinkingly opened the door for my wife he blew up. "For heaven's sake!" he screamed. "You're not even out of my office and already you're opening doors for her! How am I ever going to break you up if you keep doing stupid things like that?"



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

I was standing in a store with a friend watching an artist demonstrate her work when I became aware that a man was staring at me. Since I am a grandmother and frankly gray-haired, I thought he must either be lonesome or that I reminded him of someone. I gave him a friendly smile.

At that he came over and with a shy smile of his own opened the brown paper bag he was carrying. "I would like to give you a present," he said without preamble. And he put into my hand a beautifully carved little wooden horse.

He would have left right then if I had not insisted on asking questions. He refused to tell us his name, but said that he worked as a night watchman at a factory. He carved such figures in his spare time from scrap lumber. When they were finished, he would walk along the street until, as he put it, "I find someone who looks as if he might like a horse."

He explained that he had never had an art lesson. "But where I come from everyone whittles."

My friend, whose sister owned a small gift shop, grew quite excited about the carving. "It's beautiful!" she exclaimed. "If you bring several of these to our store, I know we can sell them for you."

But the man shook his head. "If I sold them," he said simply, "then making them would be just a chore. I get more pleasure this way."

I have never seen the man since. But the little horse is one of my most treasured possessions. Whenever I look at it, I think of the giver and pray that the generosity of his heart and spirit has found its reward. To me, it is a perfect gift. It was given to a total stranger without thought of gratitude or reward. In the purest sense, it is a gift of love.

Therese Henry.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]



*The Cross of Cong (12th century).
In National museum, Dublin.*



*St. Patrick as drawn by Irish
artist Richard King.*

Ireland's Faith Proclaimed in Its Stamps

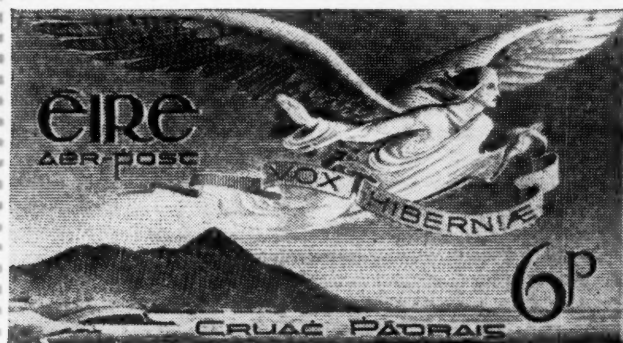
BY HUGH G. SMITH,
CLONTARF, DUBLIN.



Franciscan writing "The Annals of the Four Masters."



St. Patrick's Purgatory at Lough Derg.



Ireland's holy mountain Croagh Patrick.

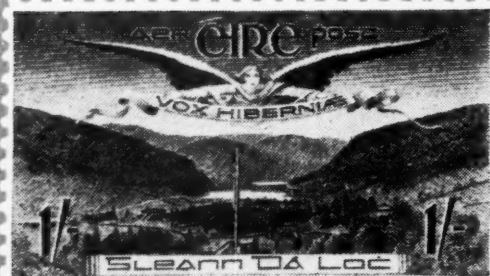
Since Ireland regained its independence it has been telling the world, through a series of finely designed stamps, that it is above all a Catholic nation with a rich historic past. Outside Vatican City itself, no other state has issued so many distinctively Catholic issues within such a short period. To date, 17 issues were made during the 36 years of the

state's existence. All of the designs are the work of Irish artists.

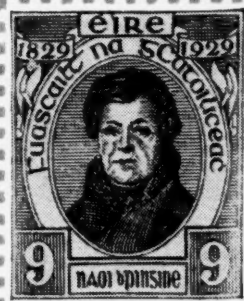
The first stamp of this Catholic series came out on St. Patrick's day, 1923, with the lovely Cross of Cong as the subject. This beautifully wrought cross of metals and precious stones was made about 1123 A.D. to enshrine a portion of the True Cross, and is kept in the National museum.



*The Rock of Cashel, once
the seat of Munster kings.*



*Glendalough, where St. Kevin
prayed, in Wicklow county.*



*The Great Liberator, Dan-
iel O'Connell, typifies
Catholic Emancipation.*

St. Patrick, the national Apostle of Ireland, looms large in many of these issues. He is given three high-priced stamps to himself in green, ruby, and blue. Richard King, the artist, shows the Apostle attended by acolytes bearing crosses, and invoking a blessing on the Paschal fire.

But St. Patrick is specially remembered in the impressive series of air-

mail stamps which have as their basic motif the flight of the angel Victor, messenger to St. Patrick, carrying the Voice of the Irish (*Vox Hiberniae*) over the world. Ulster is represented in this series by Lough Derg or St. Patrick's Purgatory, the island of penitential pilgrimages. Connaught is depicted by the conical outline of Croagh Patrick, the holy mountain



The cross is chosen to mark Holy Year 1933.



A chalice set in the Cross of Cong symbolizes Eucharistic Congress of 1932.

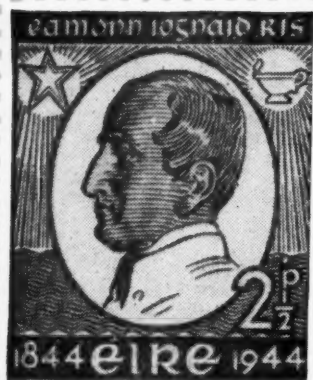


Father Mathew, by Irish Academy President Sean Keating from a bust by Hogan.

on which St. Patrick spent 40 days and nights in prayer and fasting before starting on his mission to the Irish people. The Rock of Cashel on a third stamp is associated with Patrick as the place where he converted Aengus, King of Munster. The fourth stamp shows the angel flying over Glendalough in Leinster, the monastic settlement of St. Kevin.

Franciscans, whose names are written large in Irish history, are signally honored by two stamps, one of which shows a Franciscan monk writing *The Annals of the Four Masters*, and the second, Friar Luke Wadding, who from Rome helped in Ireland's national struggle for independence.

To commemorate the centenary of Ireland's emergence from the dark



*Brother Rice was drawn by
Mr. Sean O'Sullivan, R.H.A.*



*St. Peter is the theme for
the Holy Year of 1950.*

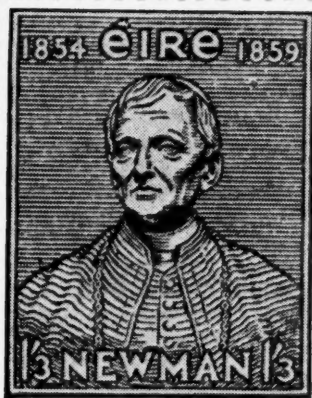


*The lovely Della Robbia Ma-
donna was chosen for this
Marian Year issue.*

penal days into the freedom of Catholic Emancipation, the obvious and fitting choice is the head of the Great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. No head of king, emperor, or president could more royally grace a stamp than the fine leonine head of O'Connell. Father Mathew, the Capuchin Apostle of Temperance; Brother Ed-

mund Ignatius Rice, founder of the Irish Christian Brothers; John Henry Cardinal Newman, who founded the Catholic University of Ireland; and Mother Mary Aikenhead, the foundress of the Irish Sisters of Charity—these are all commemorated by special issues.

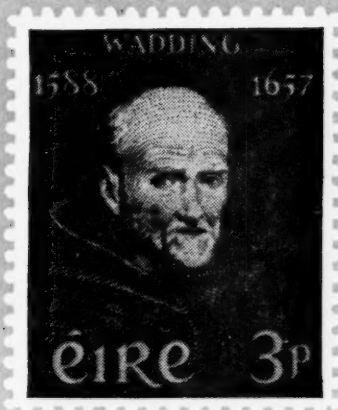
Big events in the Catholic world



A drawing of the bust of Cardinal Newman in University chapel, Dublin.



Design from a portrait of Mother Mary Aikenhead.



Father Luke Wadding from a painting in the National Gallery.

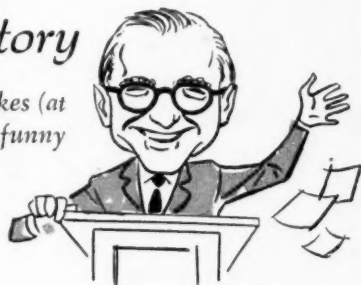
had all their own stamps. These included Ireland's International Eucharistic Congress of 1932; the Holy Year of 1933; the Holy Year of 1950; and the Marian Year. For the 1950 Holy Year an exact pictorial reproduction of the St. Peter statue in St. Peter's basilica in Rome was chosen, while the gracious Della

Robbia *Madonna and Child* in the crypt of San Gaetano, Florence, was the subject for the Irish Marian Year issue.

Collectors can still obtain most of these stamps from the Philatelic section, General Post Office, Dublin, or a complete album of all the commemorative issues for just under \$7.

How to Tell a Story

The man who has heard all the jokes (at least twice) says that humor can be funny



NO ONE is a born storyteller. The art must be learned, and it is worth learning. It has transformed dreary politicians into attractive candidates. It has made top comedians of schoolteachers and violinists. It can make you a favorite guest, a delightful host.

The trouble with most storytellers is that they approach a punch line as if it were a punching bag. They spar with it, dance around it, close in, and divulge it ahead of time.

What can you learn from the master storytellers? Plenty, because it's largely technique that gives the same old stories variety and freshness. One of the techniques may come naturally to you.

Will Rogers started out as a lariat thrower. Then he started talking, saying anything that came into his head. He instinctively adopted a technique that today stands Bob Hope in good stead: quick comments delivered with rapid-fire precision. The audience surrendered to him, and laughed at the clinkers as readily as at the clinchers.

Jack Benny's "slow take" is equally

effective. The former violinist from Waukegan delights the audience because they get the point long before he does.

Benny had one of his biggest laughs when a robber plunked a gun into his ribs and snarled, "Your money or your life!" Benny was momentarily startled, then turned slowly to the audience, obviously weighing the choice. The longer he deliberated, the louder they laughed. By the time he assured the impatient bandit that he was trying to make up his mind, the audience was convulsed.

Groucho Marx's leer, emphasized by adroit maneuvering of his cigar, takes some of the sting from his insults, and makes hilarious thrusts out of comments like "I never forget a face, but in your case I'll make an exception."

Sam Levenson, once a Brooklyn schoolteacher, gets fine results from his cheerleader technique. He in-

*Meredith Bldg., 1716 Locust St., Des Moines 3, Iowa. October, 1959. © 1959 by Meredith Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

vites the customers to join his own merry peals of laughter, and they invariably do. Levenson's humor, too, has the ring of truth to it. He uses authentic though justifiably exaggerated reminiscences of his boyhood and his teaching days.

Sam actually *did* ask one of his students, "What caused the fall of the Roman Empire?" and heard the student reply, "Carelessness." And he *did* spend a week's salary on a magnum of champagne and a pound of caviar for his incessantly complaining Aunt Beckie. She was unimpressed but admitted grudgingly, "The ginger ale wasn't so bad, but you must have left that huckleberry jelly standing next to some fish all night!"

The late Herbert Bayard Swope, once editor of the *New York World*, made expert use of the local-allusion technique, right down to making his listeners part of the story. "Little Evie on my left will remember," he would begin, and add at intervals, "That was before Marie here was born" or "Of course, this fellow couldn't play croquet like you, Harold."

Abraham Lincoln never lacked a story to underline his point of view. He was the greatest "and-that-reminds-me" technician in American history.

Lincoln's sense of humor never left him, even at the most critical times. One of his favorite stories on himself concerned two devoutly religious ladies discussing the war. One insisted that Jefferson Davis would

win because he was "a praying man." The other ardently urged, "But so is Abraham a praying man." "Yes," the first replied, "But the Lord will think Abraham is joking."

The storyteller, amateur or professional, must realize that while the basic story situations don't change, humor does. It is sad to reflect that Will Rogers' barbs at the greats and would-be greats 40 years ago probably would horrify some audiences today. Adlai Stevenson's ready wit actually has been called a liability by critics who hold that in a presidential candidate a little humor is a dangerous thing.

Timing is the most valuable technique a storyteller can acquire. Jack Benny's is considered flawless. Among 20th-century political orators, Winston Churchill relies on timing to insure maximum effect, either serious or humorous. Robert Sherwood dubbed Churchill "the master of the pregnant pause." His resonant *gar-rumphs* come at precisely the right moments.

Churchill's instinct for relieving tension during the war greatly added to his stature. In the early days of the London blitz, he motored to Canterbury to see that proper precautions were taken for the protection of the famous cathedral. He assured the gravely troubled archbishop that every device known to man had been used to protect the edifice from any damage.

"No matter how many close hits the nazis make, I feel sure the ca-

thedral will survive," Churchill said.

"Ah, yes, close hits," nodded the archbishop gloomily, "but what if they score a *direct* hit upon us?"

"In that event," said Churchill, "you will have to regard it, my dear archbishop, as a summons."

But Churchill, like Abraham Lincoln (and unlike most of us), has a ready wit, and does not have to rely on established stories for his humor. Lincoln could handle the most delicate situation with humor. He could squelch the pompous or calm the troubled.

A woman demanded that her son be made a colonel because her grandfather had fought at Lexington and her husband at Monterrey. Lincoln replied, "I guess, madam, your family has done enough for the country. It is time to give someone else a chance."

The late Al Smith, too, knew how to use a story. When he chose, he could speak impeccable English, but just as effortlessly he could slip into a "dese" and "dose" dialect that made many supporters chortle, "He's from our side of the tracks."

"In the part of Manhattan where I was brought up," Governor Smith would recall, "*both* sides of the tracks were the wrong side!"

Dialect stories should be avoided by most amateur storytellers. It takes an expert to impersonate convincingly, and without giving offense. Years of experience enabled Harry Hershfield to extract the utmost mileage from the tale of two citizens of the

BENNETT CERF'S GROUND RULES

1. Before you begin a story, be sure you remember how it ends.
2. Avoid unnecessary details.
3. Don't give the punch line away.
4. Don't poke your listener in the ribs.
5. Don't feel you must always top another person's joke.
6. If a story isn't funny the first time you tell it, it probably won't be any funnier the second time.
7. Know your audience.
8. Quit while you're ahead. Even if your stories are going over well, join the audience and let someone else get into the act.

new state of Israel who were disillusioned by the heat, primitive living conditions, and endless shortages.

"What we need," reasoned one, "is a nice little war with the U. S. After they win, Americans give their defeated enemies everything under the sun."

"Forget it," advised the other. "With our luck, *we'd* win."

My own heart goes out to the man who perpetrates a really atrocious pun. Accepted masters of this suspect art are critic Clifton Fadiman, publisher Ben Huebsch, and poet-professor Richard Armour. They puniticate for groans instead of laughs. If the groan is dismal enough, they are happily aware that

their victim can scarcely wait to tell the pun as his own.

The punster's technique is directly opposite the storyteller's. The more elaborate the build-up, the more satisfactory the pun.

Fadiman took a festive group to an Italian restaurant he had been touting all season. Once he had his guests corralled, he discovered to his chagrin that he had forgotten the location of the restaurant.

"Sorry, folks," he apologized, "but I seem to have lost my spaghetti-sburg address."

A double pun is a feat comparable to a hole in one. America's toastmaster general, George Jessel, made history in the double-pun department at a San Francisco hotel. A group of chess devotees had begun to hold daily tournaments in the lobby. The manager, realizing that they pro-

duced no revenue for the hotel, decided to give them the heave ho. Jessel and a friend came in at the height of the turmoil.

"What's going on here?" wondered the friend. Jessel explained, "It's really nothing. Just the manager pulling his chess nuts out of the foyer."

Professional funnymen and scholars have been trying to analyze and define humor for years. The deeper they probe, the more tiresome they become.

One learned man wrote more than 300 pages trying to explain exactly what made people laugh. Wolcott Gibbs, a noted wit in his own right, inspected the volume with dismay. His review consisted of a single sentence, "Mr. So-and-So has got American humor on the ground—and is breaking its arm."

FLIGHTS of FANCY

Pictured: Cats yawning with their backs. *Mary C. Dorsey . . .* A toiling, sweating sun stoked the sky. *F. Scott Fitzgerald . . .* Cactus with street-sign arms. *T. Cordiero . . .* God's window sill, the hills. *Mary C. Dorsey . . .* Dawn washing the night out of the sky. *Gareth Hiebert . . .* Mountain

peaks stiffly whipped. *Colette Liddy . . .* Long, gun-metal twilights. *Robert Wilder . . .* Broadway wearing its jewelry of tawdry neon. *Margaret Cousins. Peopled:* Anxious hunters staring holes into the sky. *E. J. Vernon . . .* She has a whim of iron. *Mary C. Dorsey . . .* A human gimme pig. *Bennett Cerf. Pointed:* TV channels: ruts worn by taking the line of least resistance. *Education Digest . . .* Platitude: fixture of speech. *Mary C. Dorsey . . .* Star's salary: the haul of fame. *Mrs. S. Lee.*

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

But First, a Word From Our Sponsor

In the wonderful world of TV admen, an actor may make more money playing a terrified bug than playing Hamlet

NOWHERE in the universe do living things carry on quite as they do in the strange little world of the 60-second filmed commercial.

Let's look at a recent occurrence in that world, in the Universal Recording studios in Chicago. The characters were a gray-haired, gruff-voiced actor and a semicircle of bright young men with eager but worried faces.

All were employed in an ascending scale of responsibility by one of the largest advertising agencies in the world. The top salary among them equaled approximately half the taxable income of the gruff-voiced actor.

"The problem is this," said the highest salaried of the group, the agency creative director, displaying a series of cartoons. "There's this ugly little bug walking across the screen, see? Suddenly up here this can of insecticide—that's our client's product—comes marching over the horizon, and this little bug—that's the voice we need you for—yells,



'Yike!' That's the only word you've got to say. 'Yike!' Get it?"

The agency men, in descending order of rank, filed into the control room, disappearing behind the dark windows.

The actor said, "Yike!" Then he rearranged his face and said it again, differently.

"Keep in mind, Norm," came a voice through a loud-speaker from the control room, "that he's just a little insect. He's threatened, scared for his life. Get the picture? Try giving us a smaller 'Yike!' but with a big feel."

The actor produced a *sotto voce* but highly dramatic "Yike!"

Another voice from the speaker said, "No, you better step it up just a little more forcefully. Just a little bit bigger."

The actor stepped it up: "Yike!"

Another voice: "That's very good,

*136 E. 57th St., New York City 22, Sept. 17, 1959. © 1959 by the Reporter Magazine Co., and reprinted with permission.

Norm, but I'm positive you could strengthen the interp if you picture a real ugly bug, pretty good-sized, but, you know, not a monster. That *yike* you're doing now strikes me as a pretty scrawny little bug. It sounds like you're making fun of it."

The actor flexed his diaphragm and tried a bigger-bug "Yike!"

"Much better, Norm, but don't make the *yike* explode. If we put too big a frame around it, it might hurt the announcer's copy that follows. This particular client is always adamant about protecting the copy message. Try about this level: "Yike!"

After the passage of an hour and ten minutes, the ultimate "Yike!" was pinned down and buttoned up. The actor and the advertising men all congratulated each other.

The agency's reverent concern for the interpretation of "Yike!" had not begun with the briefing of the actor. A half-dozen accomplished actors had competed in an audition before the agency singled out one with the appropriate rasp of a terrified bug.

Not long ago, another agency, producing a commercial for a cleansing tissue, conducted a four-hour sneezing audition. Forty actresses exploded nasally until the agency found the sneezer with precisely the right degree of conviction.

Still another agency auditioned hundreds of skilled interpreters, male and female, in New York, Hollywood, and Chicago, in a talent hunt for the midget-like voice of Speedy Alka-Seltzer. To everyone's

surprise, the actor who got the sound exactly right was—a midget.

These hard facts of life have their rosy side. They are seen best through the rose-colored contact lenses of the actors, actresses, singers, dancers, and models who have never before been paid so much for doing so little. A surprising number of performers haul down pieces of cash like \$150,000 a year. A great many earn \$50,000 a year.

A performer is paid \$80 (certainly a modest purse) for exposing his face for a single commercial. Commercials are not usually produced singly, however, but in clusters; perhaps two related one-minute spots, two 30-second spots, and an "ID" (trade shorthand for a ten-second station identification break). Each of these pays \$80, and they might all be shot in a day. Five times \$80: 400 clams.

But that's only the beginning. The Screen Actors guild holds that a "piece of talent" is paid not for his time but for his exposure. The more he hawks for one sponsor, the less useful is he to another. So the scale slides upward as exposure widens.

If the commercials run in six cities or more, the price for each goes up from \$80 to \$125 (times five if there are five); 21 cities or more, \$170; 61 cities or more, \$220. With more than 125 cities, the actor hits the jackpot at \$260 (still times five).

But that's not all. The actor, for the piffling sum of \$80 (or \$125 or \$260) (times five) can't be expected to rent his face in perpetuity. So

every 13 weeks the sponsor must pay the actor the full \$80 (or \$125 or \$260) (times five) all over again until the commercials are laid to rest.

These repeated payments for the same day's work are called "residuals." There are a few lucky cases where residuals bring as much as \$15,000 for a day's work.

Ideal pitchmen and pitchladies require ideal voices, ideal faces, ideal bodies, ideal hands, ideal hair. Also ideal age, almost always 29 to 35.

You don't readily find all these charms wrapped up in one member of the Screen Actors guild. So an actress with an ideal voice speaks lines to synchronize with the moving jaws of another actress with an ideal face. If the character they jointly play is that of an ideal scrubwoman, still a third hireling clutches a kitchen sponge in a close-up of ideal hands. Modeling agencies keep elaborate files of the proprietors of ideal voices, faces, hands, hair, teeth, feet.

No matter how ideal the models, however, nothing is so glamorous as that most perfect of all objects, the product. Automobiles are almost always photographed with stretch lenses so that front shots will make them look 50% wider; side shots, 50% longer. For beer commercials, the cameramen warn their wives they'll be late for dinner. Seldom can they achieve the right amount of foam before 20 retakes, no matter how much salt and other chemical coaxing they use.

The agency for one Midwestern

brand has discovered that the beer made by its client's competitor foams up admirably. So on shooting day the agency hauls in a case of the competitor's brew, changes the labels, and starts to pour, taking deep bows for the beautiful head.

The object of glamorizing a product is to make it more real than reality. For example, no thinking ad-man would think of photographing coffee for a coffee commercial. The real thing shows up like melted licorice, but a cup of flat Coca-Cola makes splendid coffee.

Whipped cream photographs like dried-out calcimine, but top a dessert with shaving cream and you've got a real lip-smacker. Ground-up cloves are just the thing for removing with electric razors; real whiskers look like sand. One studio spent an expensive day trying to get a roast chicken to look hot and finally got the precise effect by placing six lighted cigarettes in the bird's gizzard.

The advertising industry, on the whole, is not emotionally equipped to laugh at itself. But a few cultural pioneers have increased their fame and riches by debunking advertising in order to sell more of what they are trying to sell. Bob and Ray, together with their writing partner, Ed Graham, have helped make Piel's beer one of the top sellers in the East, and Tip Top bread one of the most talked-about brands in the nation, through the medium of the self-rib.

A comer in the field of whimsical salesmanship is an uncontrollable

fellow in Pittsburgh named Rege Cordic. One day he dutifully recited a script in behalf of Pittsburgh Brewing Co., maker of Duquesne and Fort Pitt beers, then swung into a hard sell for a beer brand of his own creation, Olde Frothingslosh. One by one, the pet copy points of the paying sponsor toppled under the satirical fire. Among Cordic's claims for Olde Frothingslosh were these.

Backwards water, available only to Sir Reginald Frothingslosh's brewery at Upper Crudney-on-the-Thames, where the water invariably flows backwards.

Lively hops, imported from the African province of Hippity (hence,

the trade name of Hippity Hops).

Lightness to the point that the foam is on the bottom.

The executive offices of Pittsburgh Brewing trembled as his unscheduled commercial came through. But next day, desks were weighed down by mail suggesting new claims, asking for prices and dealer franchises.

By Christmas, the company was persuaded to market Olde Frothingslosh. They financed TV commercials in which Cordic performed upside down, hanging from parallel bars (the camera also upside down) so that he could make the beer pour upwards from the bottle. The foam, sure enough, was on the bottom.

KID STUFF

The barber was giving me a shampoo when a man brought his little son into the shop. The boy watched intently as the barber massaged my soapy scalp. "Look, dad," he said. "That man is getting brainwashed." Clarence Roeser.

At a youngster's birthday party, the parents rushed frantically around keeping the party lively. They organized treasure hunts, races, games. In the midst of great goings on, one little fellow walked up to the hostess and asked, "When this is all over, Mrs. Jones, can we play?" M. P. Simer.

My four-year-old daughter was introduced to an unusually tall relative. We noticed that she was studying him with great interest as he moved about the room. Finally she blurted, "Uncle Jack, aren't you scared away up there?"

Lorna Peterson.

Our three-year-old was standing at the window, watching the summer fog roll in from San Francisco bay. "Smoke?" he questioned, pointing to the great white puffs.

But his five-year-old sister soothed him. "Don't worry," she said. "That's not smoke—it's fog. That's only powdered rain." Mrs. William Smith.

The Cake-Mix Mystery

A prevalent domestic problem has four solutions, all of them perilous; here's an inside tip for puzzled husbands



YOU'D HAVE THOUGHT Duncan Hines was coming, the way my wife Harriet had dinner set out last night. There was parsley on the potatoes and enough garlic in the salad dressing for you to know it was there without asking. A perky little sprig of holly sat atop the meat loaf, as if it had grown there. For dessert there was chocolate layer cake.

After my favorite waitress had brought us second helpings of dessert and more coffee, she settled down and asked the question she always asks: "Is it real cake or cake-mix cake?"

I have no idea why Harriet sets such heavy store by that question. All I know is that it seems terribly important to her. She asks it with the intensity with which women ask "Do you really love me?" or "Did you bring the tickets?" or "Is that you down in the cellar, Ralph?"

It's a loaded question. It offers four different situations a clumsy husband can bungle into.

Let's take the worst possibility

first. If it's a cake she made herself and you tell her you think it's a cake-mix cake, heaven help you. "For your information," she will tell you, in a voice that sounds like the purr of the freezing unit in your refrigerator, "this is homemade cake. But next time you'll get cake-mix cake. Instead of working on it all day, I'll rip the top off a box. Maybe I'll just put icing on the box and let it go at that."

See where that leaves you, you bumpkin with no taste for real quality?

You're also out of luck if it's a cake-mix cake and you guess it's homemade. "It does taste homemade—sort of—" she will admit, but her heart won't be in it.

You see, you have handed the lady a left-handed compliment. You haven't elevated cake-mix cake; you have merely deflated homemade cake. (It's like hearing the good news

*Calvert and Centre Sts., Baltimore 3, Md. Dec. 6, 1959. © 1959 by the A. S. Abell Co., and reprinted with permission.

that an old rival of yours is doing very well these days.) Two will get you ten that before you get up from the table your wife will say something about how silly it is to bother with homemade cakes these days, when nobody can tell them from cake-mix cakes.

You're safe enough if it's a cake-mix cake and you guess it's a cake-mix cake, but be careful how you handle it or you'll give your wife a complex. "My gosh," Harriet asks me sometimes, "is it that obvious?" Then, although it may be an A-No.1 cake, she will keep it out of sight somewhere until it is too dry to eat, and then throw it out.

The best possibility of all is, of course, homemade cake which you identify as homemade cake. But even when you have the right answer, and know you have the right answer, you have to rig it a bit. You can't just say, "That's real cake," the way you would say, "It looks like rain." No, you have to get some enthusiasm and respect into it, and pronounce *real* the way Ed Sullivan does when he talks about his *rrrreally beeg shew*. Try it: "That's *rrrreal* homemade cake!"

My wife doesn't know I'm this smart. She also doesn't know I'm one of those fellows who can't tell butter from oleomargarine, rye whisky from bourbon, or homemade cake from cake-mix cake. Nor that I realized my handicap years ago and worked hard to sharpen my perceptions in other ways.

I can now tell bakery cakes from other cakes. Bakery cakes have paper on the bottom.

I can tell Harriet's cake from any neighbor's cake. If it's on a plate I don't recognize, it's a neighbor's cake. I can't, however, tell you whether it's homemade or cake-mix.

I tried for a long time to tell the two apart before I noticed that Harriet, like my mother and many other women, always feels slightly guilty about serving cake-mix cake.

This observation led to the further observation that when a woman saves herself time and trouble by turning out a cake-mix cake, she repents later in the day and tries to make up for it in other ways. Sort of like a man bringing his wife a present home from a convention. When Harriet has cake-mix cake, she compensates for it by throwing a little something extra into the rest of the meal: dripped instead of percolated coffee, candlelight, stuffing in the pork chops, and so on.

And that is how I knew we were having cake-mix cake last night, and how I was able to come up with a quick, carefully worded answer: "It's cake-mix, dear, but an exceptionally good one. Almost as good as homemade."

Harriet batted her eyelashes and gave me the kind of look kids give magicians.

I'd just as lief you didn't tell her I knew her cake was cake-mix cake only by the holly on the meat loaf and the parsley on the potatoes.

THE OPEN DOOR

I WAS ON MY WAY to Reno to divorce my husband of 25 years, the father of my five children. It was during the 2nd World War, and our only daughter and her husband were occupying a small cottage in the rear of the yard of a nice family who lived in a naval center on the San Francisco peninsula. I had promised my daughter that I would spend a week or so with her en route to Reno.

There was no room for me in their tiny quarters, so her kind landlady offered me a room in her home. The lady was beautiful with the beauty that emanates from a soul filled with charity and humility. Her husband was equally handsome, as were their two small children.

The aching turbulence in my heart subsided as I occupied my quarters in their upstairs bedroom. The very walls seemed filled with love and warmth and understanding.

As the days passed, I felt less and less the desire to carry out my plans. My week's stay stretched into two, three, and finally a month. Each Sunday I would watch this little family packing their car for a picnic after early Mass.

I was a Protestant, the child of divorced parents. I had felt my faith wanting many times. Now, in the presence of so much happiness, the feeling came to me that much could be salvaged from my life. One Sunday, I

asked my hosts if I might attend Mass with them. There, in the sanctity and beauty of the church, I found a peace hitherto unknown to me.

I wrote my husband, and poured out my heart to him, telling him in words I had failed to find before how much I wanted him. He asked for and was granted an immediate transfer, and we were rejoined. Soon after, I was baptized a Catholic, with my dear hosts as sponsors.

A decade and a half has passed since then, 15 of the most beautiful years I have ever known. My sorrow was deep when my husband died last year, but my faith gave me strength to bear it.

Nancy M. Richard.

DURING THE TIME of the Rebellion in Ireland, my grandmother's house in Dublin was searched. She was fingering her rosary when the search party came in, and a young soldier stopped at her chair.

"Granny, could you give me beads like that?" he asked. "My pal has some, and they seem to keep him safe and happy."

Granny gave him her beads, and a friendship began between them then and there. She learned that his name was Rodney.

When the war ceased, Rodney went back to England, but he and my grandmother exchanged letters. He became very interested in the Catholic faith, and at length was received into the Church.

He later married a Catholic girl in London, and it was with joy that I recently learned his son had been ordained a priest in Burma.

Louise M. Murphy.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Fresh Water From the Sea

A new process for converting salt water to fresh will come to the rescue of thirsty cities



ON A MUDDY MORNING last May, I took a long cooling drink of tomorrow's water: converted sea water. It tasted like rain water and had a vague flavor of the sea without being fishy or salty, but it was good. It was the kind of water many of us will be drinking ten years from now—if we're lucky.

It's not easy to get a drink of tomorrow's water. You go to the ocean resort town of Wrightsville Beach in North Carolina. You cross a bridge to Harbor island, then turn left across a wooden platform over Banks channel.

You walk in and out of a 40-foot-high contrivance of tall cylinders and tanks until you come to the edge of the platform. There a one-inch pipe gushes clear water right into the salt-water channel. You can fill your glass or jug from the pipe.

The water tasted particularly good because I had already sampled some of Wrightsville Beach's awful-tast-

ing artesian-well water when I brushed my teeth. Like 40% of U.S. communities, the Wrightsville Beach water-treatment facilities are inadequate to keep out all the salts and minerals.

The town would like to get a supply of tomorrow's water, but cannot. More than 160 American cities are vying for the privilege of drinking regularly the same fine water I sampled. Only five cities will be lucky. The nation's first million-gallon-a-day distillation plant, based on an efficient new process, will be in Freeport, Texas.

Thanks to long-tube verticle multiple-effect distillation (LTV for short) we are now about to obtain economically feasible conversion of sea water to fresh for the first time in history.

The 1,200 gallons of pure water gushing out of the pipe on Harbor island every day (out of the 1,600

*590 Madison Ave., New York City 22. September, 1959. © 1959 by International Business Machines Corp., and reprinted with permission.

gallons of sea water pumped in) is little more than laboratory quantity. The world's largest conversion plant, on the Caribbean island of Aruba, turns out 2.7 million gallons of fresh water every day. And all over the world, 500,000 people use 12 million gallons of converted salt water daily.

What makes the LTV development remarkable is its low cost: a price within reckoning distance of what the average U.S. community is really paying today for the drinking water it uses.

The Aruba plant gets fresh water for \$1.75 per 1,000 gallons, which seems pretty reasonable until you learn that the average American city figures its fresh-water costs at 30¢ per 1,000 gallons. Like most averages, that is deceptive. Key West, Fla., pays more than \$1 per 1,000 gallons. Alexandria, Va., is now paying nearly 70¢; Coalinga, Calif., \$1.45. I live on Long Island, which has a bountiful supply of well water, but I have to pay 56¢ per 1,000 gallons.

The estimated 30¢ average per 1,000 is misleading in other ways, too. As the American Water Works association points out, very few American communities really know how much their water costs. Many estimates are based on the output of 50-year-old water works for which bond issues have long since been paid off.

The total cost of the needed water works for the U.S. in the next 15

years will be about \$20 billion. Almost every one of these new plants will have to charge considerably more than 30¢ per 1,000 to amortize its costs.

But price comparisons don't get to the heart of the importance of the LTV development. Many of America's 18,000 water utilities have made the choking discovery that when it comes to water, it is not just a matter of price. It is often a matter of water at almost any cost.

In 1957, more than 1,000 communities (the home towns of one seventh of our entire population) endured water shortages. These varied from a lack of water for lawns or gardens to an actual absence of water to drink.

It wasn't a freak year, either. From now on, water shortages will become increasingly commonplace as our population rises, and with it our per capita consumption of water, now about 148 gallons per day.

With more bathrooms, dishwashers, washing machines, and sprinklers, we are using some 60 gallons more per day per person than our grandparents did in 1900. Industry uses 11 times more than it did in 1900, some 110 billion gallons of water a day.

True, there's still an enormous amount of fresh water from lakes and rivers that we haven't touched. We are using only about one third of the water that courses to the ocean from the 17 Western states and only about one eighth of the supply in the East.

The trouble is that often the fresh water isn't where the people are. Bringing fresh water to large population centers can be accomplished, but only at a cost of tens of billions.

Why, then, don't coastal city and state officials pay more attention to the possibilities of converting sea water? The answer is that until very recently, everyone knew that seawater conversion was very expensive; that fresh water, brought from no matter what distance, was cheaper. But today, the success of the LTV process and several other promising developments show that the old assumption will no longer hold up.

"In one community after another," says Secretary of the Interior Fred A. Seaton, "these cost curves will one day cross, and then converted sea water will be the less expensive of the two; in some localities it will be the only reliable source." He particularly had in mind the 22 states bordering on our coasts, which contain 65% of our industry and 55% of our population.

Soon after Congress authorized the Department of the Interior to open the Office of Saline Water in 1952, thousands of suggestions for getting fresh water from the sea poured in. Most of the serious ones fell into one of five groups: 1. Distillation of sea water through artificial heat. 2. Solar-heat distillation. 3. Ridding the water of salts by membrane process. 4. Freezing. 5. Other chemical or electrical means of separation of the salts from the water.

The LTV process belongs to the first group.

Much of the credit of the breakthrough belongs to Walter Lucius Badger, a Michigan scientist. When he died Nov. 19, 1958, at the age of 72, he knew that his ingenious innovations in salt-water distillation worked. He visited the pilot plant at Harbor Island shortly before his death.

This is what makes the sea salty: 3½% of it consists of salts and minerals, including microscopic amounts of uranium and gold. The salts form a scale on the metallic tubes of any distillation system in which the water is heated, just as they do on home and factory boilers. Scale is a great heat insulator, and any distillation process becomes progressively more inefficient as the scale becomes thicker.

Walter Badger proposed a simple, inexpensive device to prevent scale formation. He would introduce a little scale into the system to fight the other scale.

"It's an adaptation of the principle that like attracts like," explains Edgar Cadwallader, who is in charge of the Harbor Island plant. "A little of the scale in soft sludge form is reintroduced into the system. This attracts the main scaling factor in sea water, magnesium hydroxide, which is led out of the apparatus and deposited in a tank at the bottom of the 40-foot-high structure." From this tank bits of sludge are fed back into the system to bring out more of the

sludge, which looks like a soft gray cement and has a soapy taste.

To combat corrosion, air which would oxidize and rust the metal tubes is taken out of the water by heating.

The distillation system has been in operation steadily since November, 1957. Thus far, no scale has been found.

"There's no question about it," Cadwallader said earnestly, as we watched several engineers fill water jugs from the LTV pipe for home use. "This process is a real breakthrough. But not many people are aware of the significance, so it just doesn't make headlines. Maybe one of the troubles with water is that it is basically undramatic unless you're dying of thirst in a desert. We take water for granted.

"The million-gallon-a-day plant will require four to five acres of land on the ocean at a point unaffected by contamination and away from the mouth of a river. It will cost between \$1 million and \$2 million. Soon after will come the next stage: a 17 to 20-million-gallon plant which I am fairly sure can bring in fresh water at 50¢ per 1,000 gallons, or less."

The LTV plant in Freeport, Texas, will be one of five authorized by President Eisenhower when he signed Public Law 85-883 on Sept. 2, 1958. Some \$10 million was authorized for five demonstration plants to produce fresh water from sea water or brackish water. (Brackish water is simply less salty than sea water. According to U.S. Public Health standards, no brackish water is fit for human consumption; but a surprising number of communities in the Southwest and Great Plains region drink it. No process has yet been selected for treatment of brackish water.)

The five demonstration plants will be available for local purchase in 1965. But long before then, many parched communities will probably decide to go ahead and build their own plants.

"Salt-water-conversion plants could be the great unexpected industrial shot in the arm of the 1960's," one engineer says. "They will make strong sales arguments for cities seeking more industry and business. Very few cities today can honestly say, 'We always have enough good soft water for any purpose.'"



THE PACE THAT KILLS

A man took his young son out for a walk. After a few blocks dad noticed that the boy was having difficulty keeping up with him.

"Am I going too fast?" the father asked.

"No," replied the son. "But I am."

Coronet (Jan. '60).



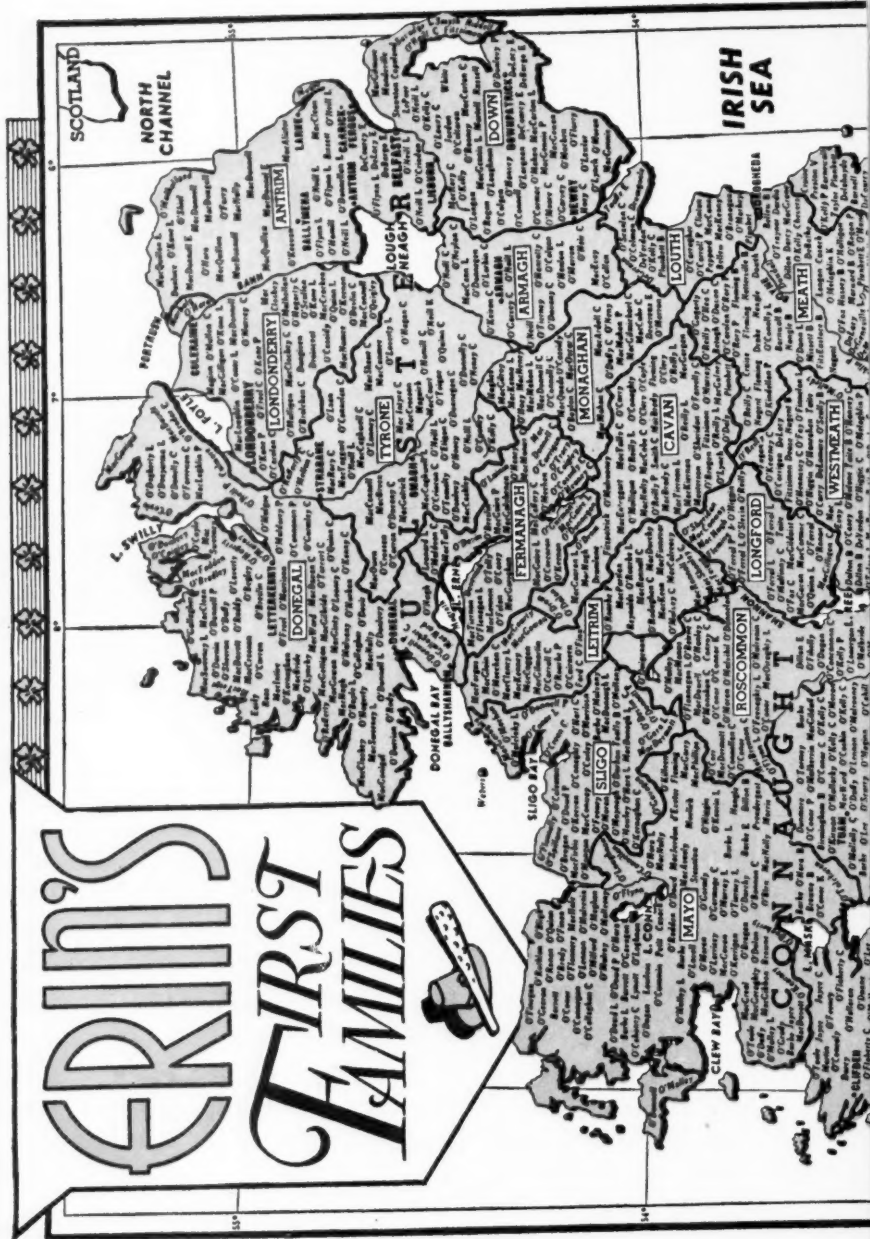
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ERIN'S FIRST FAMILIES



Why do people get tattooed?

*Kings and field marshals, as well as
Popeye, the typical sailorman, have
ink in their epidermis*



TATTOO artists are a durable breed of craftsmen whose interest in mankind may be only skin-deep, but whose impressions usually last a lifetime. Throughout the world tattooists have point-printed everybody from savages to sailors, and even persons in high places.

Don Juan and King George V were tattooed, and so were Lady Randolph Churchill, King Frederick of Denmark, and the prim Marchioness of Londonderry. The late Mayor Curley of Boston had a schooner tattooed on his back. Field Marshal Montgomery has a butterfly on his arm. Tattoos have been seen on the mummies of Egypt, on chorus girls at the Copa, and under the shower at the New York Racquet and Tennis club.

Stanley Moskowitz, scion of a distinguished family of Bowery skin peckers, estimates the tattooed population of the U.S. at about 17 million

men and 3 million women. This clientele supports some 250 full-time tattooists.

Year after year, mostly around the water fronts of the world, tattooists had been pecking away over acres of anatomy without much public interference. Then suddenly last fall the New York City Health department closed down the city's six tattooing parlors for inspection, after a boy who had been recently tattooed died of viral hepatitis—a liver disease the virus of which can be transmitted by use of an unsterile needle. But the health authorities, after prescribing appropriate sanitary precautions, have bowed to the pressure of tradition, and most of the city's tattoo artists are back in business.

The typical customer of a tattoo parlor is between 18 and 25 years of

*229 W. 43d St., New York City 36. Nov. 22, 1959. © 1959 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

age, generally muscular. He is willing to invest from \$3 to \$5 to get jabbed 3,000 times a minute for ten minutes by the six or eight tiny needles of an electric tattooer. The implement sounds like a dentist's drill and looks like a fountain pen. It deposits the colored ink about one sixty-fourth of an inch into the skin, a sensation variously described as like "a mosquito bite" or "torture."

Most men prefer to be tattooed on chest or arms, sailors running to anchors, full-rigged ships, women, and names of girl friends. (King George V, however, had a splendid red-and-blue dragon tattooed on his arm during a trip to Japan as a midshipman; his royal grandmother, Queen Victoria, was sick about it.) Soldiers prefer American flags, eagles, black panthers, serial numbers, dragons, women, and names of current girl friends.

Boys being tattooed for the first time—they must be at least 17 in most states—usually go for a pierced heart inscribed to Mom, a ploy which they think will make her less infuriated. This design is unquestionably the best-selling tattoo in the world, and can be found on even the toughest primates in town.

Tattooing—the word is said to be derived from the Tahitian *tatau*, to mark—has in some form made its indelible imprint on many otherwise civilized people since antiquity. The tattooed skins of certain Egyptian mummies date back to 2000 B.C. Tattoo historian Hanns Ebensten

claims tattooing went on in Japan in the 6th century B.C., spreading from the mainland of Asia to the South Sea islands. The early navigators came upon the practice in their expeditions. Capt. John Smith reported that the Indians of North America had their legs, hands, faces, and breasts thus embellished.

Why people go in for tattooing today is a matter of disagreement. Joest labeled the act purely ornamental; Westermarck, purely sexual; Darwin, purely a fondness of some people for crude drawings. Some psychiatrists have advanced the theory that girls do it to rebel against being girls—women of the Ainu tribe of the northern Japanese islands wear tattooed mustaches. Boys, they say, do it to appear virile.

Some persons also have practical motives for tattooing. A tattoo may obscure scars and birthmarks, or imprint blood types and serial or Social Security numbers. Others freely admit they did it on a dare, or because the gang did it.

Old-time sailors, who make up a large percentage of today's tattooists, say that this navy tradition is based on superstition—ancient mariners, for example, believed that a pig's head on the left instep guarded against drowning. Mr. Ebensten notes that in armed services without old traditions, as in the RAF during the 2nd World War, tattooed men were rarely seen.

It is debatable whether today's tattooed types can be herded into

generalized classes. However, a team of psychiatrists at the University of Oklahoma School of Medicine recently compared 65 tattooed subjects at the Oklahoma City Veterans Administration hospital with nontattooed men. The researchers said that the tattooed man "is more likely to have been divorced, is more of a rebel, has more trouble with society and authority, and is more likely to have been in jail."

Such generalizations are aimed only at the casually tattooed (the average customer stops after four) and not at those to whom tattooing is a way of life. The current tattoo idol of Brooklyn, Jack Dracula, who as a child wanted to grow up and become a mosaic, has been tattooed 244 times. He is 23, and probably the most tattooed American since that tattooed Venus of the New York World's fair, Miss Betty Broadbent (565 designs). Dracula, who claims he wears about \$4,000 worth of needlework, is tattooed even on his face.

As far back as 1691 a tattooed South Sea islander, Prince Joely, packed them in at European fairs. P. T. Barnum brought to America the famous Tattooed Man of Burma, actually a Greek named George Constantine. George had 388 separate designs, looked like an oriental rug, and reportedly was paid \$1,000 a week. Next came La Belle Irene, the first tattooed lady, in 1890. There followed a parade of tattooed wrestlers, knife throwers, fat ladies, and dwarfs.

Over the years the artists who

create these marvels have perfected individual styles. A tattoo fan can distinguish the precise pecks of Chicago's famous Tatts Thomas from the free strokings of the late Charlie Wagner as easily as an art critic can tell a Modigliani from a Grandma Moses. All of them share the blessings of the electric tattooing machine, invented in 1891 by Samuel F. O'Reilly and perfected as a shading device in 1904 by Charlie Wagner. It ended the hand-powered puncture-by-puncture technique. The artists keep trade secrets well.

Their secretiveness may well derive from the hostility that tattooing has so often faced (the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, for example, lists it under "Mutilations and Deformations"). The Emperor Constantine campaigned against it, doubtless regarding it as contrary to Christian modesty, and an 8th-century English Church council forbade it altogether. Gen. Mohammed Naguib in 1953 did a fairly good job of banning it in Egypt while he was in power. So ambivalent is the cultural attitude toward tattoos that some men make a living by removing them. The methods vary from electrolysis for small designs to acids and caustics for larger ones. Surgery and skin grafting are often necessary for the real spread-eagle jobs. Perhaps the most famous tattoo remover is a Philadelphian named Murray M. Stein, who for 20 years has been removing tattoos—or modifying them to obliterate names of ex-girl friends.

The Man With the Million-Dollar Hat

Father van Straaten uses the headpiece as a collection plate while waiting for "Day X"

NO ONE BOTHERED to ask any questions of the six-foot, 265-pound man in white as he came out of the dusk one October evening in 1956 in the Austrian village of Nickelsdorf. The village looks across the Iron Curtain to communist Hungary.

It was just as well that no one questioned him. He had no visa. But the Austrian border police were too busy with other matters to concern themselves about him, and Hungarian guards were nowhere in sight.

Men, women, and children, for hours now, had been hungrily hunting freedom in the wake of the revolt which had erupted in Hungary. They were headed for Austria.

The hatless man in the white robe and flapping sandals was going the other way, to Budapest, center of the rebellion. Waving vaguely to a border guard, the priest went on his way as casually as if he were out for a stroll.

There was nothing casual, how-



ever, about Father Werenfried van Straaten's mission.

A few hours later, thanks to some timely hitchhiking, he arrived at the residence of Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty and offered his help.

The spiritual leader of Hungary's Catholics hesitantly mentioned the need for large quantities of food, medicine, and clothes. Father van Straaten jotted down the items matter-of-factly. Even the prelate's hope for 500,000 Hungarian catechisms did not move a hair in the priest's bushy eyebrows.

By the next morning he had worked his way back across the border to a telephone. Calmly, he ticked off what had to be done. His instructions fanned across Western Europe.

At a Premonstratensian monastery in Belgium a caravan of trucks was readied to deliver the items on the cardinal's list. In newly built mon-

*110 Shonnard Place, Yonkers, N.Y. October, 1959. © 1959, and reprinted with permission.

asteries along the Iron Curtain, Hungarian-speaking priests of many nationalities were alerted to prepare for parish duties in Hungary.

It had been only by chance that Father van Straaten was in Vienna when word roared across the border of the Hungarian revolt. But it was no coincidence that the 46-year-old Holland-born priest was ready to rush to the aid of Hungary's spiritually and physically starved people.

For more than a decade he has been preparing for what he calls "Day X—the day on which the doors to the Soviet-dominated world will once again be open to God."

On street corners, in churches, schools, and the railroad stations of Western Europe, he preaches as many as 140 times a month. One day, in Western Germany, he spoke 19 times, telling the story of the Silent Church and the tremendous range of needs it will have once its voice is restored.

Wherever he goes, he is showered with contributions, from paltry sums to life savings, from diamond rings to new automobiles.

The gifts have pyramided to the equivalent of \$2 million a year. They cross national boundaries and Europe's traditional hates and fears. They come from Catholics, Protestants, and Jews.

"Europe is like a ship," Father van Straaten says. "If the ship goes under, it will take with it the passengers in the de luxe cabins as well as those below deck. In an emergency at sea

everyone must man the pumps. We either will be saved together or will go down together."

The subsequent slamming shut of Hungary's doors by Soviet-manned tanks, and the continued strength of the Iron Curtain, have not dimmed Father van Straaten's certainty that Day X will dawn.

In the meantime, he shapes his plans so that his forces can move quickly into the spiritual void of the communist world. Every project receiving his support must directly assist refugees or prepare for the coming of Day X.

In the beginning, the primary need was the care of the millions of displaced persons swarming into overcrowded, bomb-damaged Western Germany. He channeled food and clothing to them and chapels on wheels to their priests.

Heading a group of 100 Flemish youths who had given up their Easter holidays, he set out for Münster in 1953 to build homes for the homeless. It was the start of a voluntary Builders Companion movement, now 5,000 strong. In Waldkappel, right up against the Iron Curtain, the youths have constructed an entire village for refugees, complete with shops, 56 apartment houses, a school, and a church.

Always looking ahead, Father van Straaten began plans for a string of monasteries along the Iron Curtain where Western European priests, preparing for Day X, could be trained in the languages, customs,

and cultures of the people of Eastern Europe.

At the start of the Marian year, in 1954, he was able to telegraph Pope Pius XII of the consecration of the first of these monasteries as a "fortress for God." Since then, nine others have been erected, from the North sea to the Alps.

In a recent letter to benefactors Father van Straaten happily reported that gift packages were now getting behind the Iron Curtain. He did not describe the procedure used, but the priests who work with him are as familiar with Eastern European trade treaties as any diplomat could be. They know, for example, that countries on both sides of the Iron Curtain, although adhering to certain basic trading principles, often have special agreements with individual nations, communist and non-communist alike.

What one country bans from one neighbor, it will, because of such an agreement, accept from another. Father van Straaten's specialists ferret out such trade practices, and map routes for gift packages. Sometimes the route winds through the trade treaties of a half dozen nations before the small package of food and clothes reaches its destination.

Father van Straaten's route to his present work was also roundabout. He was born in the Dutch village of Mijdricht on Jan. 17, 1913, the youngest son in a family of three boys and two girls. His father was principal of the village school. As a

youth, he had no thoughts of the Religious life. When his two older brothers went off to the seminary, he announced that he was going to be the breadwinner.

He enrolled at the University of Utrecht and studied law. Soon he was spearheading the social service work of the university's Catholic student movement, *Vox Veritas* (the Voice of Truth). All at once, he recalls, he knew that he, too, should become a priest.

His weak lungs and heart were against him. Twice the Capuchins regretfully turned him down. He finally was accepted at the seminary of the Premonstratensian monastery in Tongerlo, across the border from his birthplace. But ill health followed him. Even on his ordination day, July 25, 1940, his superiors worried about his health.

He was fulfilling the relatively easy duties of secretary to the abbot of Tongerlo in 1947 when the abbot general wrote from Rome about the plight of displaced persons.

The sickly monk was sent to see if something could be done. He has been doing something ever since. Since then, his weight has almost doubled, and he has never been sick.

As his first project, he trudged from one Belgian farm to another, begging food for refugees in Germany. At one farm he would gather small pigs; then he would deposit them at another for fattening. The monk became a familiar figure to Belgian farmers that winter of 1948.

They gave him a nickname which, he merrily explains, has nothing to do with his corpulence. "Here comes the Bacon Priest again," a farmer alerted his family one day.

He collected so many pigs in those early days that the monastery had to be used as an emergency processing center. The monastery is still the headquarters for Father van Straaten's work, known formally as Eastern Priest Relief. Its abbot is president. But the operations base has been moved from the monastery kitchen into a massive, hangar-like structure nearby.

Mounds of clothes, canned goods, and medicines cover the floors of the cavernous building. Along one of the walls are a few cubbyhole offices for the staff. Only a handful of persons needed for accounting and secretarial work are on the payroll. Student volunteers sort and pack the gifts which stream into the monastery.

Despite the work load, Father van Straaten manages to give retreats in Belgian schools several times a year. He has written a book on the choir Office recited by his Order.

Although he never wears a hat, his hallmark has become a black fedora. It was loaned to him once by a secular priest for taking up a collection. Father van Straaten kept the hat. It has become his favorite collection plate, and everyone else's, too. Today, it is known throughout Western Europe as the million-dollar hat.

In Munich one Sunday morning some months ago an aged man emptied his pockets into the hat and added his gold watch for good measure. He had to borrow streetcar fare home. Last winter a young married couple on a motorcycle came up to the monk in white at his chapel on wheels before the Antwerp railroad station. The husband said they had traveled from Bruges, more than 50 miles away, to contribute the money they had been saving up for a secondhand car.

"But why did both of you have to come out on such a stormy night as this?" Father van Straaten asked.

The husband pointed to his wife, standing sheepishly at his side. "She wanted to make sure the money went into your hat," he explained.



ADVISE AND CONSENT

A prominent Washington hostess was attempting to make small talk with a newcomer to the national capital. The man was almost unknown in Washington, but he had been politically prominent in his own state.

"You know," gushed the hostess, "I've heard a great deal about you."

"Possibly," returned the politician absently, "but you can't prove anything."

Scholastic Teacher (7 Oct. '59).

Buffalo: City of Good Neighbors

*Where millionaires and paupers are scarce, but
charitable hearts are as abundant as the elm trees*

LATE IN 1959 Bishop Joseph A. Burke of Buffalo, N.Y., asked the Catholics of his diocese for \$2.5 million for a seminary. That's a lot of groceries, children's shoes, and gas bills when it comes out of workingmen's pockets. So he set aside one week for the campaign: a most conservative schedule, as it turned out.

It took all of seven hours for the goal to be topped. By the end of the week it was on the way to being doubled, with \$4.4 million subscribed.

The Catholics of Buffalo were proud of the response, but not at all surprised. In this city such feats are taken as a matter of course, though visitors are often dumbfounded.

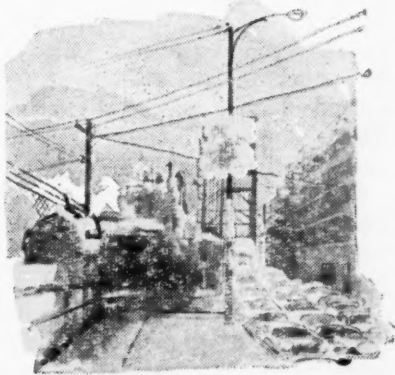
Buffalo is one of a handful of the nation's large cities where Catholics outnumber the rest of the population. A diocesan census in 1958 showed the population to be 63% Catholic in the city, 53% in the suburbs.

About a third of Buffalo's 600,000 people are of Polish descent. Italian, German, and Irish groups are also numerically important. This distribution, of course, accounts for the Catholic preponderance. And it gives Old World charm to the city. On

Holy Saturday, Polish families carrying their baskets filled with Easter's breakfast throng to church for the ancient food-blessing ceremony, *Swieconka*; Italian neighborhood feasts mark St. Joseph's day. And on March 17 the whole city puts on a green tie and claims to hail from County Cork.

The original village was planned shortly after 1800, with Washington, D.C., as its model. Today's city retains the original pattern of diagonal streets and spacious squares. Having been burned to the ground during the War of 1812, it started rebuild-

*Steel works on South Park Ave.
in Buffalo*



ing on the hot ashes. In 1832 it incorporated as a city with 10,000 people. It grew steadily during the 19th century, and passed the half-million mark around the period of the 1st World War. Then it slowed down, girdled with annexation-resisting suburbs.

Since the 2nd World War the suburbs have had to absorb the growing population, and now find themselves saddled with the very thing they sought by independence to avoid: alarming tax bills.

Buffalo's location had much to do with its early prosperity. At the eastern end of Lake Erie, halfway between New York and Chicago, it quickly became an important distribution center for goods and a stop-over for westbound settlers. Besides location, there was an abundance of water; there was the Erie canal; and in time there was electric power from Niagara Falls.

Manufacturing plants began to dot the area; grain elevators appeared; lake shipping flourished. Railroads followed, until the city was the second largest rail center in the nation. In Lackawanna, an independent adjoining city of (today) 30,000 people, the country's third largest steel mill was built.

Strong, farsighted men guided the city's early history. One of the first was Judge Samuel Wilkeson, who brought the Erie canal to Buffalo. Its terminus was already in the bag for Black Rock, a neighboring village down the Niagara river, when Sam



The University of Buffalo

roused the citizens, lobbied Albany, and dug out a harbor. He got his terminus; and although later the victory came to have small significance (Buffalo annexed Black Rock in 1853) it was important at the time. It marked the beginning of Buffalo's ascendancy.

If Wilkeson was the father of the city, Benjamin Rathbun was its first entrepreneur. In the 1830's he was Mr. Buffalo: the biggest merchant west of the Atlantic seaboard, a stage-route operator, a contractor who was completing two buildings a week, and the owner of the palatial American hotel.

But with so many interests, Rathbun eventually found the water too deep. Financial maneuvering proved his downfall; and if he gained any satisfaction from the experience, it would have to be that he was able to serve his five-year sentence in his own Rathbun-built jail.

Then there was a dapper millionaire, Colonel Palmer, whose unorthodox business methods were typified by a deal he made one day at lunch. With no apparent forethought, he offered his companion \$150,000 for everything he owned except his "wife, babies, and household effects." The offer was accepted and ratified with a drink. And there was Joseph Dart, who pushed the city into its milling pre-eminence by building mechanical grain elevators over the objections of scoffers who insisted that the only efficient grain elevators were Irishmen's backs.

Mark Twain lived in Buffalo for a spell; and in nearby East Aurora, Elbert Hubbard pasted together his *Scrapbook*.

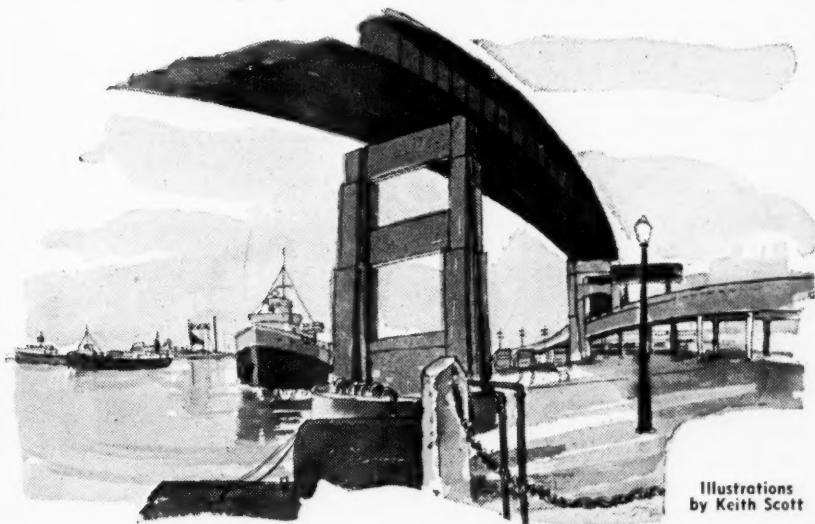
Today the colorful pioneers have

gone; and Buffalo, the nation's 15th city in size, is a conservative place short on splendor and long on the old look. No dominant industry signs most of the pay checks, for Buffalo's eggs are in many baskets: steel, automobiles, flour and feed, chemicals, paint, furniture—you name it.

The factories, largely absentee-owned, are as numerous as the downtown pigeons and as varied as the suburban tax rates. This diversity, coupled with conservatism in thought and action, stabilizes the city's economy. Even during the Terrible 30's, Buffalo suffered no major bank failure. Bread lines and shanty towns were comparatively minor blights. Millionaires are scarce here, but so are paupers.

Notable public buildings include

Skyway at entrance to the Buffalo river



Illustrations
by Keith Scott

the 384-foot City Hall, dedicated in 1932; Civic stadium (1938), a fine football bowl, unimaginatively located; and Memorial auditorium (1940). Kleinhans Music hall, dedicated in 1940, is one of the country's finest, providing beauty, comfort, and almost perfect acoustics for 3,000 people.

But the real objects of pride are the trees, all 400,000 of them. The elms arch across the wide avenues like motorists' honor guards. Citizens write indignant letters to the editor whenever progress claims a few. Everybody worried about Dutch elm disease, now reasonably controlled. With replanting to cover its ravages already begun, a priceless asset appears secure.

Buffalo weather is noteworthy for its practically permanent breeze, which in winter finds its muscles. That's when Buffalonians are ready to challenge Chicago's Windy City title. Although the Chamber of Commerce says wind velocity averages less than 15 miles an hour, you'd have a hard time driving that point home to January's pedestrians trying to cross Niagara Square while hanging on to the winter rope railings. The ropes, after all, are placed there for only one reason; to keep struggling pedestrians from being blown out into the traffic.

The Lake Erie breezes do more good than harm. They carry away the smoke from factory chimneys, and they air-condition the summers. Buffalonians suffer no smog choke,

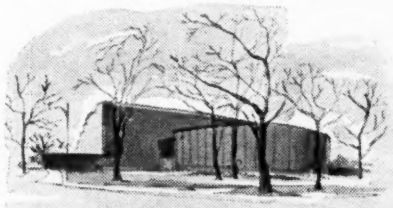
few wet-dishrag days, and fewer sleepless nights.

The U.S. government once seated itself at Buffalo—for only a few hours, to be sure, and under tragic circumstances. It was September, 1901. President McKinley had just died in a Delaware Ave. home, victim of an assassin's bullet. The cabinet hurried to the city. It met in the Buffalo club, which became the Capitol pro tem, and decided, among other things, how the Vice President should be sworn in. On Sept. 14, in another Delaware Ave. home, Theodore Roosevelt became our 26th President.

Buffalo politics was a springboard for two Presidents: Millard Fillmore and Grover Cleveland. Both were local lawyers. Fillmore was the first chancellor of the University of Buffalo, and Cleveland served a term as mayor.

Father John Neumann came to Buffalo in 1836, fresh from ordination. His labors in the mission parishes outside the city were rigorous. He often walked 20 or 30 miles a day. Before he left the city in 1840 he had established a network of paroch-

Kleinhans Music hall



ial schools, which in those days were by no means common even in large cities.

Later, as Bishop of Philadelphia, he organized the first diocesan school board. Today he is Venerable John Neumann, and his works around Buffalo may some day help him to sainthood.

Father Neumann had hardly left for the Redemptorist Pittsburgh house when Nelson Baker was born in Buffalo. He was to be the city's best loved clergyman. He was ordained in 1876, and in due course received the title of Monsignor; but always he was known simply as

Father Baker—or, sometimes, as the Padre of the Poor.

In 1882 he was sent to neighboring Lackawanna as director of Our Lady of Victory Homes of Charity. Under his care the homes gained national prominence. In 1920, when he was almost 80, he started to build a great church. Although Our Lady of Victory basilica took six years to build, he lived to see it, and he offered Mass there for ten years before he died in 1936.

Hardly anyone thinks of it as Our Lady of Victory basilica. To everyone, including pilgrims from all over the country, it is just plain Father

Our Lady of Victory basilica ("Father Baker's")



Baker's. It is one of the most elaborate churches in America, and is internationally recognized for its works of art.

Each year on July 29, the anniversary of the padre's death, hard-boiled Lackawanna declares a civic holiday. Everybody from the mayor on down attends Mass and graveside ceremonies.

Educational institutions in Buffalo are headed by the privately supported, 12,000-student University of Buffalo. Catholic colleges include the Jesuits' Canisius, with an enrollment of more than 2,000; and D'Youville and Rosary Hill for women. Buffalo is a leader in the field of diocesan high schools, having at present nine in the city alone. The system was instituted by Bishop John O'Hara, C.S.C., now Cardinal Archbishop of Philadelphia, and is being expanded by Bishop Burke.

St. Rita's home for retarded children, the Piarist Fathers' Calasancius school for the exceptionally bright, and St. Mary's School for the Deaf are special establishments under Catholic auspices.

Roswell Park Memorial institute is one of the world's two or three largest centers for cancer research and treatment. The institute was established 60 years ago. It operates today with a staff of 1,400.

Club owners in sports are often fans, but in Buffalo the fans are the club owners. In 1955, when the AAA baseball club seemed doomed, 3,000-odd fans put up close to \$200,000 to

buy it. With such a wide base of ownership, the city has since led all the minor leagues in attendance. In 1950, fans had put up a like amount in a fruitless attempt to save the city's pro football. Diehards the Buffalonians are, indeed; and it looks as if they are soon to get the big-league status they crave.

If major-league teams do come to Buffalo, they will be international favorites. Canada is only a few hundred feet away. A couple of million Canadians live within 100 miles. They pour into the city, on Canadian holiday weekends. Ontario license plates sometimes outnumber local ones on downtown streets.

The city's most public display of Catholicism happens every spring. Early in Lent, lampposts and buses blossom out with posters; newspapers, radio, and TV furnish unstinting publicity; and on Passion Sunday the Catholic Charities Appeal starts its week-long campaign. The drive has never failed to go over the top since its inception in 1924.

The few cities that boast similar appeals haven't approached this one's success, though most of them are patterned after it. The people give over \$2 million every year.

Msgr. Eugene A. Loftus, director of the drive since 1939, says, "The appeal has fostered harmony among our different national factions." In other words, the Catholic Charities Appeal is one of the forces that continue to make Buffalo the City of Good Neighbors.

The Robber Forgiven

Had he known Christ before Calvary?

THE PROFESSION of faith by the robber crucified with Christ is one of the most extraordinary events recorded in history.

Two robbers were crucified with Him, one on his right and the other on his left. The three crosses were grouped close together, and conversation between the crucified was easy. The Gospels do not identify the two robbers. There are many legends concerning them in early Christian writings, and they are given names, the most popular of which are Dismas for the good thief and Gestas for the bad. None of those writings carry historical weight, however, and we are left to the details supplied by the Evangelists.

The robbers crucified with Christ observed everything that was taking place. Probably they were glad that

most of the attention of the onlookers was directed to Jesus rather than themselves. They had read the title above Christ's head, and they had heard the reproaches and taunts of the passers-by and of the chief priests, scribes, and ancients. They had turned all these things over in their minds, with a totally different effect in each case.

One of them made the extraordinary move of joining the enemies of Christ in reviling and blaspheming Him. Usually the condemned, drawn together by their shared misery, made common cause against executioners and onlookers, cursing and reviling them. But one of the robbers turned his head toward Jesus and said sarcastically, "Are thou not the Christ?" Since he had Jewish ideas concerning the Messiah and had



heard the others challenging Jesus to come down from the cross, he added mockingly, "Save Thyself," and then, as a sort of afterthought, "and us." Jesus ignored him completely.

The other robber did not ignore Him. It was probably because of Jesus's silence that he spoke. He said to the other robber, rebuking him, "Dost thou not even fear God, seeing that thou art under the same sentence?" The emphasis was probably on the word *fear*. He said in effect, "You may not love God, but in view of your imminent death and judgment you might at least fear Him and not incur the guilt of reviling this fellow sufferer." The others could mock Jesus with a feeling of impunity, but not one who was already suffering on a cross beside Him.

Then this crucified robber went on to speak some of the most beautiful words recorded in the Gospels: "And we indeed justly, for we are receiving what our deeds deserved; but this man has done nothing wrong." The thief led an evil life, Justice had overtaken him, and now he was nailed to a cross, dying.

At this moment, instead of reviling Christ and hurling insults at his executioners, he quietly opened his heart and mind to admit a flood of grace and light that came to him from the One on the nearby cross. He confessed his sins, he accepted his sufferings as a just punishment for his wickedness, and before that howling crowd of mockers he pro-

claimed openly his firm belief in Christ's innocence.

Repentance opened the mind and heart of this crucified robber to the gift of faith, and he went on quickly to profess his belief in Jesus Christ: "Jesus, remember me when Thou comest in thy kingdom." There is even a beginning of love evident in his words, as he addressed our Lord familiarly as Jesus. And he did not ask for much; he left it to the Lord. He asked simply that Jesus should give him a thought, should not completely forget him.

With his new-found faith in Christ, he ignored his present situation. He had lost interest in that. He thought only of the future. He believed that Jesus was the Messiah, and that He would return in the glory of his Messianic kingdom. This kingdom could only be in the future life, as he could see clearly that, like himself, Jesus was dying on a cross.

When the robber looked at Jesus, he saw One who was apparently a criminal, condemned by his own people and the Roman authorities, dying now on a cross, reviled and mocked by all but a few helpless friends grouped nearby. Yet he professed his belief that Jesus was the Messiah and begged Him to remember him at the time of his glorious return to his Messianic kingdom.

Had this man known Christ before Calvary? Had he at least heard of Him and of his teachings? We have no information. It is not necessary to presume it. The robber was

well aware of what had been going on around him on that fateful day. He knew why Jesus had been condemned and crucified. He could read it in the title nailed to the cross above his head. He could hear it in the taunts and mockeries of the onlookers.

He observed all this, and more too. He could see that Jesus was not dying like a criminal. He noted his silence, patience, and goodness. He heard him address God familiarly as his Father and ask pardon for those who had crucified Him. All this helped to prepare the good thief for the special divine grace which alone could account for his sudden conversion from sinner to saint.

Except for his prayer for forgiveness of his enemies, Jesus had been silent during the crucifixion and while He hung on the cross. He had ignored those who mocked and taunted Him, even the robber crucified alongside Him. But the words of the good thief touched Him and brought an immediate response.

Turning his head to look at his new-found disciple, He said: "Amen I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise." There was an urgency and solemnity in Jesus's words, emphasized by the expression, "Amen I say to thee." The robber had asked for something in the indefinite future. He would not have to wait. He would receive all he asked for, and more, this very day. Before night fell he would be with Jesus in paradise.

NO CONTRADICTION

Concerning the two robbers crucified with Jesus, there is an apparent contradiction among Evangelists. Matthew and Mark state that the robbers crucified with Jesus reviled him. Luke, on the other hand, relates that one of them reviled Christ and was reproached for it by the other thief.

The best explanation is that Matthew and Mark used a generic plural indicating a category rather than individuals. They had mentioned the mockery of the onlookers and of the chief priests, scribes and ancients. They go on to mention another type of mocker, robbers, and use the plural although there was question of only one—not an unusual practice. Father Gorman.

According to all appearances, Jesus had nothing to offer. He was dying nailed to a cross; even his garments had been taken from Him and divided among the soldiers. Yet in a tone of complete confidence and assurance He promised the man dying at his side that before nightfall he would be his companion in paradise.

What did Jesus mean by *paradise*? The word was of Persian origin and from that language passed into the Hebrew and Greek of the Bible. It meant a garden, especially an enclosed garden planted with trees. Metaphorically, the word came to mean happiness, especially the hap-

piness of heaven. At the time of Christ it was used of the abode of the just after death, and this is undoubtedly the sense of the word as used by our Lord.

After He died, Christ's soul descended into hell (or limbo, as it is called) and there, too, went the soul of the good thief. It was only after

our Lord's Ascension that the souls of the just were admitted to heaven. Before the sun had set on that first Good Friday, the soul of the robber crucified alongside Christ on Calvary was again associated with Him in limbo and heard Him announce to the just assembled there the good news of redemption.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

On Nov. 9, 1959, the 281 residents of San Marco D'Urri, Italy, lined up in stunned surprise. From the church, Stefano Tacchino, the bell ringer, vigorously sounded an impromptu serenade of Christmas carols and folk songs. Fireworks shattered the usually bleak silence. For in the center of town an official from the Bank of America's Genoa office was handing out wealth! But the widow Cassinelli, 83, was suspicious. Hastily she steered her son and daughter away from the scene. "Someone," she insisted, "is trying to make fools of us."

But her fears were ungrounded. Wondrously, the entire village was being rewarded for a kindness of almost a century earlier. At that time, a small boy, Leopoldo Saturno, was suddenly orphaned. He was taken in by an impoverished San Marco family and treated as one of their own until he was old enough to seek his fortune in America.

He settled in Reno, Nev., where he built a big fortune in real estate. That fortune went to his children upon his death in an automobile accident.

His sons, Victor and Joseph, added to their legacy with a gold strike at Rawhide, an old Nevada mining town. But the brothers lived frugally, and looked for ways to share their wealth. Though neither had ever been to San Marco, both had learned of the kindness shown their father. The village had adopted their father, so they adopted the village!

On that November morning, thanks to Victor and Joseph, every man, woman, and child in the village received 25 shares of stock in the Bank of America. The total value of the shares was \$342,575. Thus San Marco D'Urri, the village of poverty, gained a new lease on life, thanks to the sons of a poor emigrant who did not forget the kindness shown their father.

George Antonich.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

Space-Age Idea Man

The mathematical symbols William Thaler jots down today may profoundly affect your life tomorrow

AT 7:15 on weekday mornings, Dr. William J. Thaler, a 33-year-old scientist, steps out of his split-level house in suburban Silver Springs, Md., and into a tiny foreign car. He arrives 45 minutes later in downtown Washington, D.C. He enters a long "temporary" building and proceeds to a small office on the 2nd floor.

Here he begins taking telephone calls and checking with three secretaries. From time to time, he will leave his office to confer with someone in another part of the building or at the Pentagon.

Up to this point, Thaler may sound like many another rising young man in Washington. Here the similarity ends. For about one fifth of his day, Thaler sits behind closed doors, scribbling mathematical formulas on a pad or large blackboard. At night, the formulas are locked away. Not even his secretaries know what he is up to. He is one husband who can never be accused



by his wife of talking shop at home.

Everything Bill Thaler does is secret. He is a highly creative physicist in the Office of Naval Research. What he plans could have a lot to do with our survival in a nuclear war.

The cloak of anonymity which almost completely hid Thaler from the public for eight years was ripped away on Aug. 8, 1959. Headlines proclaimed that the U.S. had found a new method of monitoring nuclear bomb and rocket firings anywhere in the world. The blasts can be spotted almost instantly by high-frequency "back-scatter" radios at secret locations. Director of the experiment, known as Project Tepee, was Thaler.

The news stories noted that in 1959 he had been technical director of Project Argus, sometimes called "the greatest scientific experiment of

all time." Three atomic bombs had been fired from shipboard and detonated 375 miles above the South Atlantic, creating a shell of electrons that enveloped the earth for several days. The experiment revealed much about the earth's magnetic field and the behavior of radiation in the upper atmosphere.

Thaler heads up ONR's Field Projects branch. He says the name disguises "an oddball idea group which is actually the trouble-shooting outfit for ONR in all phases of science." He is also chairman of the navy's Special Weapons Effects Planning group (SWEATPIC) which coordinates all navy research.

Thaler does violence to the notion that double-domed scientists are shambling, unkempt eccentrics. He is six feet tall and weighs 185 pounds. He has a lean, clean-cut face, a strong chin, and the lean, well-muscled physique of a champion tennis player—which he is. Sitting at his desk in a short-sleeved white shirt, with a pipe clenched in his teeth, he could pass for a Hollywood glamour boy. But as soon as he begins talking about physics, you recognize him for what he is, a brilliant scientist.

A combination of geography, heritage, and academic opportunities brought Thaler (pronounced "Thayler") to his key research role in government. He was born in Baltimore, Dec. 4, 1925. His father, the late George A. Thaler, was of German descent and so brainy that he was

graduated from college at 16. His mother, the former Catherine Rosanowski, is Polish; her father, a secret agent for the Russian czars, fled Poland after the Soviet revolution.

The Thaler family has owned a plumbing and heating supply firm in Baltimore since the 1860's. But only Bill Thaler's twin, Joseph, has gone into the business. The three older brothers have distinguished themselves in other fields. George is a professor of electrical engineering at the navy's postgraduate school in Monterey, Calif. Thomas is a linguist with Army Intelligence at Fort Meade, Md. Lawrence is a chemist at Oak Ridge, Tenn.

The family is Catholic on both sides. Two of Bill's uncles became Redemptorist priests. One is dead; the other, Father Joseph Thaler, is pastor of Our Lady of Fatima church in Baltimore.

The Thaler boys attended St. James' parochial school in Baltimore. Bill went on to make a name for himself at Loyola High school and college there. In high school, science held no charms for him; he devoted himself largely to languages. He was an honor student.

In June, 1943, Bill enlisted in the Air Corps cadet program, but he was not called up for a year. Marking time, he whipped through a year and a half of college. He then spent a frustrating 16 months, all stateside, in the Air Corps training program. He made such high scores in intelligence tests that his superiors kept

him occupied trying out new ones.

But his brush with aeronautics started him taking science courses. By the time he got his B.S. from Loyola, in June, 1947, he had taken three chemistry courses, all the mathematics courses in the curriculum, and more physics courses than anyone had ever taken at Loyola before. He won the gold medals given for theology and psychology and missed the physics medal by .2 of a point.

He is glad now that he took so many non-science courses. "A really educated man is balanced in all areas," he explains. "Of course, the study of languages, especially Latin and Greek, is excellent for orderly thinking."

Bill was a four-sport letterman at Loyola, in tennis, cross-country, track, and basketball. During his last two years of college, he was captain of the tennis team. At 13 he had won the Middle Atlantic boys' tennis championship. Later he won in the Maryland state junior doubles tournament five times. In 1958 and 1959 he was the star member of the Navy department's tennis team which won the intergovernment championship.

While in college, Thaler came to know Prof. J. C. Hubbard, head of the physics department at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, through his brother George, who was studying electrical engineering there. Forced to retire from his post at 65, Hubbard decided to move over to the Catholic University of America because he was interested in strengthening its

science department. He took Bill Thaler, just out of college, along with him as his research assistant.

At the Catholic university, Bill helped Hubbard in the laboratory, taught sophomore physics, and carried a full load of graduate work. He earned a Master's degree in physics in 1949 and a Ph.D. in 1951. He studied under Karl Herzfeld, one of the outstanding theoretical physicists in the world.

Bill specialized in ultrasonics—the study of sound at frequencies higher than the human ear can hear—in a research program financed by ONR. When he got his Ph.D., an ONR talent scout offered him a job in the navy's acoustics branch. Two other careers were open to him: teaching and private industry.

He thought that teaching wouldn't pay him enough, now that he faced a new responsibility. He had just married pretty Barbara Jarnagin, a Catholic convert from San Francisco and a student at the Catholic university drama school. Industry would have paid him far more, he recalls, "but industry is profit-motivated in its research and I was interested in making a contribution."

Today he earns \$15,000 a year, top career pay scale in government but less than half of what he could earn outside it. As he had foreseen, his present job has many advantages that money can't buy. Available to him are reports on the basic research in all the laboratories of government.

"I can do anything my heart de-

sires," he explains. "I can dream big and plan big, and if the plan is reasonable enough to show promise, I can get the money to go ahead."

But there's the rub. Unless he can "sell" it to someone within government, the greatest idea in science history might never get off the ground. He points out that "if you're looking for money from people who aren't scientific, you've got to be articulate."

Thaler's entire staff consists of a physicist, a chemist, and a meteorologist. His annual budget is only a few hundred thousand dollars a year. Yet he sometimes spends as much as \$10 million in a year, nearly all scrounged, as he puts it, from better-heeled friends in the army, navy, and air force whose interest he has whetted.

Project Argus was a good example of his skill. In the spring of 1958 he suggested that a three-stage missile be fired from the deck of a ship. He was told to go ahead. He first got Lockheed Aircraft to develop the x17A missile. Then he shepherded the incredibly complicated project every step of the way. His team, working with the Atomic Energy commission and the air force, was given a Sept. 1 deadline: four months to do a job that should normally take 18 to 24 months. They launched the three atomic bombs from a seaplane tender with the x17A on Aug. 21.

When the launching came off, though, Thaler wasn't there. He had rushed back to the U.S. to a Project

Tepee radio set to find out if it could detect the Argus blast 7,000 miles away. It did. So he had a double triumph in one day. Eventually, he was given a \$300 award for an "entirely new theory, of the greatest importance to national defense."

In 1957 Bill had begun trying to dope out a more efficient way of detecting nuclear tests. Conventional radar is limited in the same way as television: the waves travel in straight lines and can't see beyond the horizon.

Since both the electrically charged ionosphere and the earth's surface will deflect radio signals, Thaler knew that a transmitter can angle its beam upward and that the broad waves will carom back and forth between ground and sky (or back-scatter) as they proceed to circle the earth. The secret that Thaler suspected and confirmed is this: not only does the back-scatter refract off the ionosphere to the earth's surface, but a small amount sends an echo in a kind of boomerang all the way back to the home transmitter.

He asked himself, why shouldn't the back-scatter radio also detect the nuclear process which produces ionization? Could he design a receiver so sensitive that a monitoring oscilloscope could give evidence of weapons being tested half way around the globe?

It took Thaler five months before he found, and borrowed, the back-scatter radio he wanted. To his delight, the telltale wiggles on the os-

cilloscope gave some evidence of an atomic-bomb test in Nevada. Other groups both in and out of government quickly interested themselves in what he was doing.

"From then on it was a question of developing the right equipment to find out what we saw and how to explain it," he says. "By mid-1958, on the strength of what we had done, I got \$400,000 from the emergency fund of the secretary of defense."

Nobody obtains funds from government for an experiment these days unless he first comes up with an exotic alphabetical name for the project. Thaler and his assistants hit upon Tepee, which stands for nothing more than "Thaler's project."

Because it can signal the launching of a missile within seconds, authorities think that Tepee can double the 15-minute attack warning time possible with the present complex, costly radar system. Bill thinks that it will also save the taxpayers millions of dollars.

The main disadvantage to Thaler's job is the traveling which has so often kept him from his family. In 1951, the year he was married, he journeyed about 100,000 miles. He has been present at all nine U.S. nuclear tests since 1956.

At home the subject of Thaler's work is so taboo that last August

when newspaper reporters asked Barbara how much she knew about Project Tepee, she replied, "What's that?" Not that Bill would have much chance to discuss electronics and the ionosphere with her while besieged by Mark, seven; Paul, six; Alice, four; and Gregory, one.

Spiritual values are emphasized in the Thaler home. Barbara, who contributes her lovely soprano voice to St. John the Evangelist choir, puts it simply: "The main goal for both of us is to go to heaven. All the other things just fall into line."

"There is, of course, no conflict between science and religion," Bill says. "All the manifestations of physical science originate with God, and only add to your understanding. In other words, in finding out all the well-ordered laws of nature, you're really discovering God."

As a change of pace from his heavy cerebration in the office, Thaler watches westerns on TV, romps with the children, or indulges his considerable do-it-yourself talents.

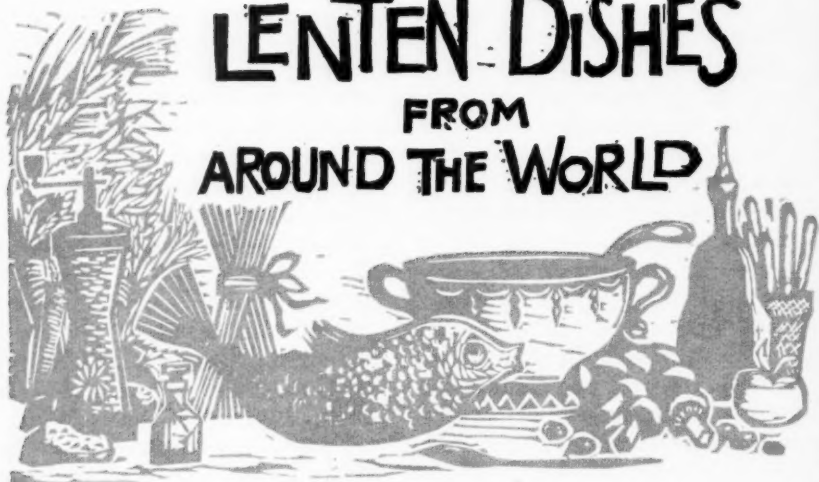
But he is never really very far from creatively "thinking big." While he cannot shed any light on the nature of ideas currently fermenting, he has a hunch they may prove quite useful to his country. "I've got some beauts," he says confidently.

Celebrity: a person who works very hard for years to become well known, and then wears dark glasses to avoid being recognized.

Happy Variety (May '57).

LENTEN DISHES

FROM AROUND THE WORLD



By Demetria Taylor

THE 40 DAYS OF LENT are no problem to homemakers in Catholic countries around the world. Fish, eggs, and cheese are at the heart of many national dishes in France, Italy, Portugal, the Low Countries, and Latin America, primarily because they are so well liked.

North America, on the other hand, is a country of meat eaters. The average American doesn't count it dinner unless the entree is steak or beef. Meat is so plentiful and of such fine quality that many homemakers have never taken the trouble to discover how good fish can be when properly cooked. The same goes for eggs and cheese. Families grumble along through Fridays and fast days, nibbling without appetite on dry, overcooked fish, tough fried eggs, or plain

casseroles of macaroni in lumpy cheese sauce, put together without imagination or love.

For Lent this year, why not try some of the world-famous meatless dishes from Europe and Latin America? Take the time to prepare them with care. Lean on "convenience foods" from cans and packages to complete the meal in time-saving fashion. Intrigue your family by telling them ahead of time which country will be featured at the dinner hour. You might even ask the children to do a little research on the country involved.

In any event, you can have an adventure in dining abroad at home if twice each week, for the six weeks of Lent, you use these recipes.

Woodcuts by Walter Ferro

FRANCE

The French are so fond of fish that they often combine several varieties in a single dish such as their world-famous bouillabaisse. This recipe is a bit too complicated for busy Americans, but another, equally delicious, is *Coquilles St.-Jacques*. A legend connects this dish with St. James of Compostela, known as St. Jacques. It seems that once upon a time a pagan bridegroom was thrown from his horse into the sea. His miraculous rescue was attributed to the intervention of St. Jacques, and the young man was converted on the spot. As he emerged from the sea he was covered with clinging scallop shells, and these were interpreted as a sign from the saint and were given his name.

Coquilles St.-Jacques



- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1½ lbs. sea scallops,
fresh or frozen | ¼ cup butter or margarine,
divided |
| 1 cup dry white wine | 2 teaspoons lemon juice |
| 1 small onion, sliced | 4 tablespoons flour |
| ½ bay leaf | 1 cup light cream or milk |
| 6 sprigs parsley | ⅓ cup grated Gruyere
cheese |
| 1 teaspoon salt | 1 cup buttered soft bread
crumbs |
| 1 can (3 oz.) broiled
sliced mushrooms | |
| | Few grains pepper |

Defrost scallops, if frozen. Combine wine, onion, bay leaf, parsley, and salt in saucepan; bring to boil; add scallops; simmer 10 minutes. Add mushrooms with their liquor to saucepan. Add 2 tablespoons butter and lemon juice; simmer just 'til butter melts.

Drain scallops and mushrooms, saving liquid. Slice scallops thin. Remove bay

leaf. Measure liquid. Add enough water to make 2 cups. Melt remaining butter or margarine; blend in flour; add scallop liquid and light cream or milk; cook and stir over low heat until thickened and smooth. Add cheese; stir until cheese melts. Add pepper. Stir in scallops and mushrooms.

Fill scallop shells or shallow ramekins; sprinkle with buttered crumbs; place on baking sheet; brown lightly under broiler. Makes 8 to 10 servings.

ITALY

Cuisine varies in different sections of Italy, and a Neapolitan chef would be lost if he were deprived of tomatoes. As we have borrowed our next recipe from Naples, let us suppose that from a big pot of Neapolitan-style spaghetti in home-made meatless tomato sauce, you have salvaged three cups. Not quite enough for a meal, so it must be stretched with eggs and made into a flavorful

Neapolitan Omelet



- | | |
|--|---|
| 3 cups leftover spaghetti
with meatless tomato
sauce | 1 tablespoon minced
parsley |
| 4 eggs, lightly beaten | 2 tablespoons shredded
Parmesan cheese |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 2 tablespoons olive oil |
| ⅓ teaspoon pepper | 1 garlic clove |

Chop spaghetti; add eggs, salt, pepper, parsley and cheese; mix well. Heat oil in frying pan with garlic clove. Remove garlic; pour in spaghetti mixture and cook slowly, turning once. Allow about 15 minutes cooking time for each side. If you are using an electric skillet or a heat-control-

led top stove burner, set the thermostat at 275°. Makes 4 servings. (Mushroom sauce, made with 1 can condensed mushroom soup and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk or light cream, is good with this.)

IRELAND

Our next stop is Ireland, and naturally our recipe features potatoes. This dish provides a flavorful way to use up leftover vegetables but does not contain enough protein to be called a main dish. We suggest that you serve creamy scrambled eggs or a broiled swordfish steak as a side dish.



Colcannon

Mashed potatoes and cabbage are musts, but you can add bits of other leftover vegetables, too, such as carrots, peas, green beans, etc.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 large onion, coarsely chopped | 1 cup mashed potatoes |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or margarine, divided | Salt and pepper |
| 1 cup chopped cooked cabbage | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated sharp cheddar cheese |
| | Tomato sauce (optional) |

Brown onion in 1 tablespoon butter or margarine. Add 1 more tablespoon butter or margarine to onion with potatoes and cabbage. Cook about 5 minutes or until heated through; stir; add salt and pepper to taste. Spread vegetable mixture in greased shallow baking dish. Sprinkle with crumbs; dot with remaining butter or margarine; sprinkle with cheese. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 20 minutes or until brown. Serve with tomato sauce if desired. Makes 4 servings.

Add a crisp salad and a loaf of Irish soda bread to round out the main course. For dessert, baked apples with cream, and good strong tea.

BELGIUM

In Belgium, as well as in France and Switzerland, cheese tart is a favorite main dish whatever the day. We would call it a pie, rather than a tart, because of its size, but regardless of name it's rich, hearty, and delicious.

Cheese Tart



- | | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| Piecrust for 9-inch pastry shell | $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Swiss cheese, grated |
| 1 tablespoon flour | 1 cup milk or light cream |
| 3 eggs, well beaten | Salt and pepper to taste |
- Line 9-inch pie plate with pastry. Sprinkle grated cheese with flour; spread evenly in pie plate. Combine eggs, milk, salt and pepper. Pour over cheese. Bake 15 minutes in hot oven, 400°, reduce heat to moderate 325°; bake 30 minutes longer, or until inserted knife comes out clean. Serve hot. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

Begin dinner with clear, hot tomato soup. With the cheese tart serve sweet-sour cucumber slices, buttered, sliced beets, Brussels sprouts, and hot French bread. For dessert, fresh fruit.

HOLLAND

Did you know that the population of Holland is over 50% Catholic? Which moves us to include a famous Dutch recipe for your pleasure!

Flounder With Shrimps

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| 1 lb. frozen fillets of flounder | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups fish stock |
| Salt | 1 lemon, juice |
| 3 tablespoons butter or margarine | 1 egg yolk, slightly beaten |
| 2 tablespoons flour | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cream or milk |
| | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup small cooked or canned shrimp |

Tie each fillet in a knot. (If the fillets are the right shape this is not difficult; of course, it is not absolutely necessary.) Simmer in about 2 cups salted water or



"court bouillon" (fish stock to which some white wine is added), until just done but still whole; drain, saving stock.

Meanwhile, melt butter; blend in flour and stock. Cook and stir over low heat until thickened. Stir in lemon juice. Pour a little hot sauce on egg yolk; return to remaining sauce; blend well. Stir in cream or milk. Add shrimps. Pour over fish.

Makes 4 servings.

PORTUGAL

Fish from the sea is a major food with the Portuguese people, and well-liked too. Descendants of immigrants to this country have been fishing the waters off Cape Cod for a livelihood for several generations, so much is the sea in their blood.

Portuguese Fish Soup



- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| 2 lbs. frozen fillets of cod or whitefish | 5 slices white bread, trimmed |
| 3 tablespoons olive oil | 6 hard-cooked egg yolks, mashed |
| 1 lb. raw shrimp, peeled and cleaned | 1 cup blanched almonds, ground |
| 6 cups water | 2 teaspoons salt |
| 1 tablespoon chopped parsley | 1 teaspoon pepper |
| 1/2 teaspoon basil | 6 slices French bread, toasted |
| 1 cup chopped onions | |

Defrost fillets; fry in olive oil until brown on both sides. Set aside. Combine shrimp, water, parsley, basil, and onions in pan.

Cook over medium heat 10 minutes. Add fried fillets, bread, and egg yolks. Cook 15 minutes over medium heat. Force mixture through food mill or sieve; return to saucepan. Add almonds, salt, and pepper. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until hot (do not allow to boil).

Place slice of toasted French bread in each soup plate; pour soup over it. Makes 6 servings.

This dish is so hearty that only a tossed salad is needed to complete the main course. For dessert, fresh fruit, cheese, and coffee.

LATIN AMERICA

South of the border, next, with two recipes from Latin America for your delectation. First a Mexican dish.

Fish Veracruz



- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 2 lbs. frozen red-snapper fillets | 3 tablespoons olive oil |
| 1 large onion, chopped | Salt and pepper |
| 1 No. 2 1/2 can (1 lb. 13 oz.) solid-pack tomatoes, chopped | 1 can pimientos, coarsely chopped |
| | 2 tablespoons capers |
| | 1 jar (3 oz.) green olives |

Defrost fish. Cook onion in olive oil until soft but not brown; add tomatoes, salt and pepper; cook about 5 minutes. Place fish in greased baking dish; add pimientos, capers and olives; pour tomato mixture over fish; bake in moderate oven, 350°, 25 to 30 minutes or until fish flakes easily with a fork. Makes 6 servings.

Serve fluffy rice with the fish, saffron flavored if you like. A big bowl of tossed salad and hot corn bread complete the main course.

Another Lenten favorite with Latin-American flavor is

Crabmeat and Rice



- | | |
|---|---|
| 2 cups uncooked regular rice | 2 tablespoons minced parsley |
| 3 tablespoons butter or margarine | 2 peeled green chilis, chopped (optional) |
| 1 bunch green onions, (scallions) chopped | 1/4 cup finely chopped celery |
| 2 tomatoes, peeled and chopped | 2 cans (7 3/4 oz. each) crabmeat |
| 1 clove garlic, mashed | 4 1/2 cups water |
| Salt and pepper | |

Fry rice in butter or margarine in large kettle until lightly browned. Add remaining ingredients; simmer 30 minutes, or until all liquid has been absorbed. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Some mild-flavored green vegetable of your choice and a bowl of raw-vegetable relishes complete the main course. Cool off the palate (if you used the chilis!) with a fruit cup for dessert.

HUNGARY

Before the bleak night of communism obscured Hungary from our sight if not from our hearts, gourmets claimed it as a land of fine cooking. Main dishes are highly seasoned and savory, made colorful with paprika and rich with sour cream, like this casserole.

Fish-Potato Casserole



- | | |
|--|--|
| 6 medium potatoes (2 lbs.) | 1/2 cup hot milk |
| 2 lbs. fish fillets | 1 teaspoon paprika |
| 2 teaspoons salt, divided | 1 cup dairy sour cream |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper, divided | 1/4 cup minced onion |
| 1/2 cup (1 stick) butter or margarine, divided | 1/4 cup fine dry bread crumbs |
| | 2 tablespoons shredded Parmesan cheese |

Cook potatoes until tender. Meanwhile, cut fish into serving-size pieces; sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salt and 1/8 teaspoon pepper; brown in 1/4 cup butter or margarine, turning once. Drain potatoes; mash, adding remaining butter, salt and pepper, hot milk and paprika. Whip until fluffy.

Grease a baking dish 11 x 7 x 1 1/2 inches. Spread mashed potatoes in bottom of dish. Spread 1/2 cup sour cream over potatoes; sprinkle with minced onion, then half the bread crumbs. Arrange fish on crumbs. Sprinkle with remaining crumbs and cheese. Top with remaining sour cream; sprinkle lavishly with paprika.

Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 20 to 30 minutes. Serve at once. Makes 6 servings.

Serve the casserole, piping hot, accompanied by sweet-sour red cabbage and apple slaw, and pumpernickel.

Demetria Taylor, nationally known home economist, spent eight years with *Good Housekeeping*; four years as head of *McCall's* kitchens; 13 years as *Parade's* home-economics director.

SPAIN

On to the Iberian peninsula for our next recipe. It is the true Spanish omelet, not one bit like the fluffy omelet with highly seasoned tomato sauce that we call by this name. It is made with potatoes and is quite bland in flavor. You may want to serve a sauce with it or add a tablespoon or so of minced Spanish stuffed olives to the mixture before it is cooked.

By the way, Spain has an historic dispensation from the Holy See that permits eating meat on some Fridays and fast days. Even so, Spaniards are extremely fond of fish, serving it in many interesting ways, and this meatless omelet is also a prime favorite.



**Spanish
Omelet**

2 medium-sized raw
potatoes, peeled and
diced

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup olive oil
4 eggs, beaten
Salt, pepper

Cook potatoes in oil, turning often until tender but not browned. Remove from the oil, drain on absorbent paper; cool to room temperature. Drain any surplus oil from skillet, leaving just a film. Reheat skillet. Combine beaten eggs, salt, pepper, and potatoes. Pour into the hot skillet, lifting the edges frequently until the omelet is browned on the bottom. Turn and brown the other side. Makes 4 servings.

Start with a highly seasoned meatless vegetable soup. With the omelet serve green beans with mushrooms and a tossed salad. For dessert, ice cream with frozen strawberries. Spaniards

are accustomed to serving their fine sherry throughout the meal, so why not serve a sweet sherry (oloroso) with dessert? Demitasse as well.

POLAND

Most Poles are Catholics, but, unlike Americans, Polish people are extremely fond of fish, eating it happily on fast days and ordinary days besides! From behind the Iron Curtain comes this next recipe. Eat it after a grace for Polish peace and freedom.



Koletki

2 to 3 slices white bread $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
1 can (7 $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.) red salmon
3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon nutmeg

Trim crust from white bread; break into small pieces; measure 1 cup lightly packed. Soak bread in milk until soft; add to drained flaked salmon. Beat bread and salmon together with melted butter, pepper, and nutmeg.

Chill until mixture is easy to handle. Shape into 4 cakes. (Polish cooks shape the mixture to resemble little thick sausages, but cakes are easier!) Flour cakes lightly; cook in butter until browned on both sides. Accompany with thin slices of cucumber and yogurt for a sauce.

Makes 4 servings.

Serve frozen green peas and hard rolls or pumpernickel with the koletki. For dessert, make small thin pancakes with a mix; spread with apricot jam; roll up and dust with powdered sugar.

The Way I See It

Young people who look for security first are choosing a second-rate life



NO ONE wants to run a risk today. Even high-school kids are looking for "security." Not just in jobs, but in marriage, too. A poll showed "love" a sorry second. "Security" is what the kids are seeking—and, oh, will they be sorry!

"Be safe; don't be sorry" is extremely bad advice. I admit it makes some sense in certain areas. The trouble is that everybody's playing safe in every area.

As a way of life, that maxim is a menace. It threatens the kind of life worth living: the kind that's zestful and exciting, and that made this country mighty.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not against security. It is most important; but at 17 it shouldn't be. At any age, it's no excuse for stopping dead, digging in, and starting to die.

The motto of too many people today is, "Let well enough alone." And if well enough is not so hot, "Well, at least we know we've got it." Now isn't that an answer? If they reached for more, they might fall on their

faces. So what? That's falling forward.

The only failure is the guy who never tried. Striking out is certainly no crime. The fellow I can't stand is the one who won't get up to bat at all. True, they'll never boo him, but they'll never cheer him, either.

Cold feet are pretty common. At one time or another, every one of us has had them. There are actors who are sick with stage fright at every show. If you ever saw them in the wings, you'd swear they wouldn't make it out, but out they always go.

Every real successful person I've ever known has had to slave like—well, like a slave. I have a great respect for anyone who keeps on working when another man would wallow in his gloom. There are writers who keep writing, though they barely keep from starving. Painters, too, and oh, so many actors. They may

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make it, they may not. It doesn't matter. They're successes.

I get letters all the time from kids who say they want advice. What they really desire is someone's lap to sit in. When a youngster whines, because he has to work all day, "So how can I do anything creative?" I'm afraid I start to steam.

The first thing to remember is that climbing is really easier than clinging. Hanging on is not only dull; it cramps you. In time, paralysis sets in.

That paralysis is sheer laziness for some, but for more it's fear that they may make mistakes. I'd like to see the man who hasn't made mistakes! Look at Edward Everett Horton. Remember two big Broadway smashes, *Arsenic and Old Lace* and *Harvey*? You say he wasn't in them? I know. He turned them down!

No education is complete without a choice assortment of errors. As Oscar Wilde put it, "Experience is the name everyone gives to his mistakes." Unless you don't do anything, you must do some things wrong.

I won't be modest and make a list of my mistakes. (Take my word for it: I made them!) Instead, I'll tell of some experiments that worked. I was the first "name" comedian to enter radio. My friends said it would ruin me. Three or four years later, every one of them was in it with me.

In 1926, I did a silent-movie version of *Kid Boots*. I heard the same refrain: "Eddie, you're insane!" They used to argue, "Why should people spend \$4 to see you in a Broadway

show when they know they can catch you in the movie for 75¢?" I'd kill my stage career, they warned. Well, the people came, they saw—and I cashed in.

I pioneered the "preview" show in radio. The day before the broadcast, we'd do an hour or more before a studio audience. By air time, by checking their reactions, we would edit down to half.

I conceived the notion of using an announcer on the show itself. Before Harry von Zell, announcers were restricted to openings, closings, and commercials. I built whole scenes around von Zell. On one program, I didn't appear at all until the last ten minutes. Unheard of, but I think that's why so many listened in. They

'CAN'T' IS A COWARD

I am a psychologist. In 20 years, I have talked with, tested, and given vocational counsel to at least 10,000 young men and women. One characteristic that almost all had was the tendency to sell themselves short.

We need not worry about the braggart. His kind is not very common. But we do need to worry about the legions of young people who underestimate themselves. When at least three out of four sell themselves short, we suffer a community tragedy that is compounded by the individual tragedy of each unfulfilled life.

Randall B. Hamrick
in the *Rotarian* (Jan. '60).

never knew what we would be doing.

People say, "You can talk. You're different." How different? I'm an actor, so I don't get scared? Listen, I get just as nervous as the next one, if the next one is a very nervous fellow. When I wrote a column for the papers, I got panicky over deadlines. At the start of every venture, there are doubts and fears of failure.

It is that element of doubt that makes life so exciting. We mustn't be so obsessed with security that we shy away from life itself. We're only "safe" from life when we stop living.

Change can be terrifying, but it's necessary for survival. Marking time within a safety zone, fenced in by fear, we only wear a rut. The time to take a step away is now. If you're in a rut, get out of it!



IN OUR HOUSE

Our little daughter was deeply impressed when I told her that God is the maker and giver of all things. "Everything comes from God," I said. "The trees outside, the clouds in the sky, the birds. You and me and daddy. Every little boy and every little girl."

Some time later I saw a strange child with Judy in the yard. He was ragged and dirty and was engaged in heaving stones at our trees.

"For goodness sakes!" I exclaimed in surprise and some indignation. "Where on earth did he come from?"

Three-year-old Judy had a simple answer. "From God, of course!"

J. B. Molan.

When my sister Olive was a small girl of about four, she was highly fascinated by the even part in Dad's hair. Each morning, Olive would watch attentively as dad combed his hair before leaving for work. Once, she kissed dad goodbye, looked up at his hair and said, "Daddy, when you come home tonight, will you put a crack in my hair, too?"

John A. Blakeney.

Kevin, my 11-year-old son, was always casting envious eyes on my new bike. As I pushed it up the hill towards our house one evening, he ran to take it from me.

Immediately, having a suspicious mind, I protested, "Oh no, Kevin, I really can't risk your riding it!"

"Oh mother," he cried, "as if I would ever expect to *ride* it! Just to be allowed to *push* it is privilege enough!"

(He got his ride.)

Kathleen McBrearty.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

A Smile From Toscanini

*My recording of "La Bohème"
has one deeply worn groove*

I HAVE SPENT several years in a seminary, preparing to be a priest. Whenever I get home for a vacation, I indulge in a special kind of recreation that might puzzle an observer who didn't know the facts. I get out an old phonograph record and play it over and over again.

It is a recording of a 1946 radio broadcast of Puccini's opera *La Bohème*. By now, a gully has been worn into the record at a point in Act II where a little boy cries for a trumpet and a toy horse.

Every time I start that record spinning, I am carried back across 13 years into the NBC studios in New York City. I see an eerie blue glow from the control room in the darkened studio. Announcer Ben Grauer is briefing the listening millions on the beautiful story of *La Bohème*.

The people in studio 8H shift nervously in their seats and emit a whispered drone. On stage, musicians of the NBC Symphony orchestra tighten violin strings, replace reeds, and independently practice snatches of Puccini's score.

Suddenly, Ben Grauer signals off stage. A small man, slightly over five feet tall, with backswept white hair, strides toward the podium. Musicians stand, respectful of his years and his genius. The audience, silencing the drone, follows suit. Then a man in a front row, excited by the tense silence, begins to applaud. All at once the entire studio resounds with thunderous appreciation.

Conductor Arturo Toscanini mounts the podium. As he raises his baton, silence spreads row by row. He taps twice. In a moment, orches-



tra, soloists, and chorus are giving life to *La Bohème*.

Thirty-five minutes later, Toscanini, arms rhythmically akimbo, is directing the second act of the opera. Tenor Jan Peerce, soprano Licia Albanese, and five other world-renowned stars are puppets to his baton.

In the midst of the huge chorus stands a chubby nine-year-old. It is I—awed and mystified by the clamor and blinding lights, and a hundred times more nervous than my hundreds of fellow choristers. For the spotlight of studio 8H is about to alight on me.

That was Feb. 7, 1946. My journey from an uptown New York City choir stall to the Toscanini spotlight had begun early the year before. Eduardo Petri, who for 31 years had directed the Metropolitan Opera company's choral school, came to our choir room searching for youngsters to be trained specially for opera work. I passed muster. And as I signed on the dotted line, in my own eyes my knickers stretched into full-length pants. I felt myself quite the little man.

The biweekly rehearsals began immediately in Mr. Petri's E. 86th St. studio. They involved learning everything from the catchy tunes we would sing as Puccini's urchins to the lovely melodies and harmonies we would chant as Boito's cherubs in *Mefistofele*. Since it was impractical for us to study Italian, we received the phonetic spelling of the

various choruses we were to sing. There were such monuments as Bizet's *Carmen*, Verdi's *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Othello*, Boito's *Mefistofele*, and Puccini's *La Bohème*. Never did we realize that we would sing *Bohème*, *Mefistofele*, and *Othello* with an immortal musician like Toscanini.

Notice came three months in advance that we would take the part of street urchins in Toscanini's first coast-to-coast broadcast of *Bohème*. His only other performance of Puccini's masterpiece had been the opera's premier at Turin's Teatro Regio 50 years earlier. During each following week we sang and resang our unfamiliar Italian airs to the metronomical handclap of Mr. Petri.

One evening, two months before the broadcast, Mr. Petri asked me to remain after rehearsal. I expected to be fired. I deduced that he had seen me smoking while I walked through Central Park to the rehearsals. But when everyone had gone, Mr. Petri said, "The Maestro needs a soloist for the broadcast, but I'm afraid you might be too small. He told me to choose a real man. What do you think? Would you be afraid?"

I hesitated, but my Irish pride whispered that some gland deep inside would work overtime for the occasion. So I said, "I'm willing to try it, sir."

After several weeks' practice, Toscanini auditioned us in a studio at the RCA building. When he came in with his wife and daughter, he spoke

husky instructions in Italian to Mr. Petri. Then he retreated to the far end of the studio and sat regally, as if the folding chair were a throne.

He sat like that, motionless, his hard eyes intent on us, for the entire length of the rehearsal. His frigid appearance made us extremely nervous.

Recalling Mr. Petri's words, "The Maestro told me to choose a real man," I tried to conceal my nervousness beneath a forced air of manly nonchalance. I let my body sway with Puccini's melodies and bounce with his catchy tunes to show how unafraid I was. When the time came, I sang my morsel off without a flaw.

The Maestro neither beamed nor frowned, but my one fear, that he'd think me too little for the man-sized job, proved vain. For when he congratulated Mr. Petri, his words were so few and his handclasp so warm, I knew I had met his standards. I thought he had been impressed with my bounce-and-sway antics.

But those antics almost backfired. At the next rehearsal, though Mr. Petri commended my audition, he told me that the "frisky bouncer" had almost been "scratched" from the main event. Toscanini had remarked that I looked too small and frightened. I felt as if I had been caught with my hand in a cookie jar. But I vowed I would prove to the Maestro that I was a man, even though only going on nine.

Several times before the broadcast, our group of a dozen pint-sized stars,

all with dreams of being a Caruso or John McCormack (we were all either Italians or Irish), rehearsed with the NBC Symphony orchestra in the awesome studio of the actual broadcast. The instruments and players fascinated me, especially the harps. One of the harpists was a pretty young blonde. Like all the orchestra and chorus, she was very friendly with us, at times almost coddling us. She was my first boyhood love.

Last-minute complications before the program involved a trip to the offices of the Union of American Federation of Radio and TV Artists, where the 12 of us became union members. (It paid off; even today I receive an occasional royalties check. One was for 22¢.)

The morning of the broadcast I went to church and prayed with a zeal I had never known before. The day was spiced with dashes of nervousness, spasmodic practice, and words of confidence from family and friends. Broadcast time was not until 5 P.M., and the day barely crawled by.

Finally, flanked by my mother and dad, I left the house to conquer the world. Neighbors shouted "Good luck!" I forced a strut. I had to swallow again and again.

My parents sensed my nervousness and maintained a steady chatter about everything from school to my sister's boy friend. But somehow, the word *music* worked its way into nearly every miserable sentence.

At the RCA building, we took the

elevator to the 8th floor. The elevator was the kind that leaves your stomach in your throat. But I didn't notice, since mine was there already. Leaving my folks behind, I headed for studio 8H. Five o'clock was an hour away.

That hour must have had 200 minutes in it. Musicians, the chorus, and fellow urchins began straggling in. At ten minutes before five, a buzzer summoned singers and musicians on stage for the first act.

For me, swallowing had become a major problem. At the last minute, we were told to wait in the wings, since we would perform only in Act II. We huddled together, silently watching as the studio lights grew dim. A red "on-the-air" sign flashed. In the blue control booth, announcer Ben Grauer capsuled the opera story for the nationwide audience, then signaled for Toscanini's entrance.

He came down a dimly lit corridor toward us, his white hair in stark contrast to his black blouse and trousers. His head was slightly bowed; in his right hand he clasped an ivory baton. The stage manager pushed us aside, but Toscanini paused before us.

He glared at me from the dark recesses beneath those bushy brows of his, raised a slender, worn hand to his lips, and whispered throatily, "*Silenzio!*" It was the most frightening and spellbinding command I have ever heard.

Seconds later, the Maestro raised his baton, closed his eyes, and instru-

ments and voices began to give eloquent expression to Puccini's music.

My eyes darted from my harpist friend to Jan Peerce, to the Maestro, to Miss Albanese. Toscanini was entralling. His hands seemed to entice the notes from players and singers; his face reflected the meaning of each aria; his eyes whispered diminuendos, clamored for crescendos, glowered at unnoticeable flaws. At times he would even be heard hoarsely humming the parts he knew so well. The studio rumbled with applause as the first act ended with Rudolfo and Mimi vowing harmoniously forever, "*Amor, amor, amor.*"

We were next. Walking on stage to my place in the center of the Peter Wilhousky chorus, I was weak. Mr. Grauer told the nation of our entrance. In a moment, Toscanini was again at the podium. He awaited his cue from the control room, raised his arms, and the first notes of Act II, the lively carnival scene, flowed into the country's living rooms.

All my preparations past, my climax now was close. Mr. Petri stood in the middle of his dozen urchins, urging us by his presence to be superb. Marcello, Rudolfo, and Mimi sang their hearts out scarcely 20 feet from me.

Suddenly, from off stage, the town clown, Parpignol, announced his approach: "*Ecco i giaccottoli di Parpignol.*" It was our cue to get ready. Only two minutes until my piece, I had it well timed. A poetic aria from Rudolfo, and an answer from Mimi.

Then Pargnigol's second report, this time closer. The Maestro nodded to us, and we broke into a well-practiced song. Only 45 seconds until my piece, and there I stood unable to stop my left knee from vibrating.

Then the chorale behind me burst into chorus. At their climax—ten seconds to go—I swallowed fiercely. A dozen light notes trickled from a piccolo. A second of silence. I took a step forward, held my breath. The spotlight flooded me. The Maestro nodded. I opened dry lips, stared right into his eyes, and then sang for all I was worth, "*Vo'la tromba, il cavallin!*"

Breathless I stood, watching the Maestro. In that brief second, I knew he was pleased, for a kindly smile momentarily softened his stern face. I made an effort to return it, but he was quickly busy with Musetta's coquettish entrance. I stepped back to my place, and breathed deeply. Mr. Petri nudged his approval. My blonde harpist winked at me. The gland deep inside me had kept its promise. As the New York *Times* attested the next morning, my morsel was "a howling success."

After the performance, I enjoyed

dinner and a show with my mother and dad, as I assumed all professional singers did. At home, relatives and neighbors outdid themselves with epithets for "their boy." A week later, an envelope came for me from the National Broadcasting Co., containing a check for \$84. "Some salary for a little bit of a kid," was all my dad could observe. The title I had worked for, "man," never crossed anyone's lips.

In the years that followed that hallowed Feb. 7, we performed many times, with Toscanini and without. In 1952, recordings of the actual 1946 broadcast of *La Bohème* were released by RCA Victor. In a letter giving this news to Mr. Petri, the 84-year-old Toscanini had words of praise for the urchins, by then disbanded, and especially, as he wrote, "for the little man who warbled so well."

Little man! That was the thought which had made Arturo Toscanini smile on me. It is strange that many of the greatest men and women leave this world, as Toscanini did three years ago, without ever realizing the heartening impact of their words—and their smiles.

DEFLATION

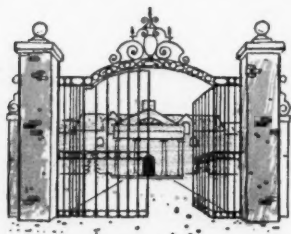
A banker became worried about his health, and went to his doctor for a complete physical examination. After a series of exhaustive tests the doctor came in with a bright smile. "You'll be glad to hear there isn't a thing wrong with you," he told the banker. "You're as sound as a dollar!"

"As bad as that!" exclaimed the banker with a groan. And he fainted dead away.

Knoxville Journal (11 Feb. '59).

Open Door to Mental Health

Another step in recognizing that mental patients must be treated as human beings



THE PATIENTS in ward 37 at New York's St. Lawrence State hospital were all agitated and one was frantic. She rushed up to the head nurse, shouting, "Mrs. Holmes has gone crazy—crazier than we are. She won't lock the door!" But attendant Irene Holmes was doing just what the doctor ordered. First the doors of individual wards, then of whole buildings, were being unlocked for lengthening periods up to 12 hours a day.

For a day or two, the unwonted freedom was also unwanted. Patients like Anna, who had been in the hospital for ten years, did not know what to make of it. One man had devoted most of his waking hours during 20 locked-up years to testing every door in his ward, trying to get out. When he found them all unlocked, he refused to leave for fear that he would not be able to get in again. It took him two weeks to get used to the return of freedom.

What had happened at St. Law-

rence was a dramatic revival of an old idea: the mentally ill are sick, but still people, and they must be treated as people if they are ever to return to society. In ancient times, some Greek temples were maintained as retreats where the emotionally disturbed could recover in a restful atmosphere. ("Milieu therapy" in the jargon of today's psychiatry.)

The advantages of doing away with physical restraints were recognized and discussed during the 1870's by the American Psychiatric association. But in practice, most of the mentally ill were herded into gigantic barracks, usually out in the country, out of sight and out of mind.

"Security" was the watchword for more than half a century in 99% of the mental hospitals. Gates were guarded to prevent escapes. An attending doctor or nurse had to go through what Dr. Herman B. Snow, director at St. Lawrence, calls "the ritual of the key" to enter a building.

*9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City 20. Nov. 16, 1959. © 1959 by Time, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Then, jangling a fistful of hardware, he had to repeat the ritual at the door of every ward, at every staircase and elevator.

Worse even than locked doors was the dehumanization of the patients. On admission they were stripped of their own clothes, allowed only shapeless, unbelted robes and floppy slippers. Watches were locked up (the crystals might be broken and used in suicide attempts). Eyeglasses were removed at night. Even wedding bands were sometimes taken away (the patients might swallow them). Men could not shave themselves. Knives and forks were banned from the dining halls, and patients had to eat with spoons. No smoking was allowed. Ward windows were barred and curtainless. There were no mirrors, flower vases, bottles, or glasses.

Only an insignificant number of patients were disturbed enough to justify such precautions. It was society itself that was full of fears of what the mentally ill might do. (Since St. Lawrence unlocked the doors, that hospital has had only half as many escapes as before.)

The break with insane traditions fostered by the supposedly sane came around 1950. It was pioneered by Dr. Duncan Macmillan at Mapperley hospital in Nottingham, in England's Midlands. His program was duplicated by Drs. Thomas P. Rees and Maxwell Jones at two hospitals in London suburbs.

Dr. Robert C. Hunt was assistant

commissioner in New York's Department of Mental Hygiene in 1955 when he went to Europe and first saw open hospitals, including Mapperley. Says Dr. Hunt, "I saw and was converted." In 1957 he became director of Hudson River State hospital, on the edge of Poughkeepsie. Of its nearly 6,000 patients, only 16% were then in open wards.

"Our 'humane' practice may be almost as brutalizing as those of past centuries," says Dr. Hunt. "It is a rare patient now who suffers cruelties to the flesh. But restraints on the human spirit cannot be measured in iron bars and canvas straps alone. They derive much more from the attitudes of people around the patient. For too long, as Maxwell Jones puts it, we worked on the unconscious theory that 'the role of the patient is to be sick.' If he senses that we expect him to be suicidal, or try to get away, or to be violent, he will oblige us. The open door indicates our present attitude: we expect patients to get better."

Dr. Snow, 50, had got a head start at St. Lawrence State, partly because it is fairly small (never more than 2,300 patients), partly because it is the biggest employer in Ogdensburg (population 17,000). Many city officials, including the mayor, are on the hospital staff. Ogdensburgers pay little attention when patients with downtown privileges wander through the stores. For Dr. Hunt at Hudson River, it was tougher. Poughkeepsie (population 40,500)

is surrounded by custodial institutions, some for violent criminals, and the people of Dutchess county have a horror of escapes. But Dr. Hunt now has 96% of his patients in unlocked wards.

According to Dr. Hunt, the open-door policy does not mean that every patient can do exactly as he likes. "Doors are open and some patients can come and go freely. But some are so disturbed that an attendant will ask them to wait for a little talk. They are *asked* to stay in, not physically restrained. Patients on shock treatment are asked to stay in on treatment days, for their own safety. They understand. In all, 80% (more than 4,000 patients) have full freedom of the grounds, unsupervised, some part of the day. About 60 have downtown privileges."

When Dr. Hunt began opening more doors and taking bars off windows, some Dutchess neighbors were worried that AWOL patients might commit crimes of violence. In two years, there has been no such incident. Now Dr. Hunt challenges civic groups, "What Dutchess county community of more than 5,000 people has a better record than that?"

At St. Lawrence, soon after one of the wards was unlocked, one patient returned leading another, who was limping. The explanation: "We heard a noise in the sky. We had heard of airplanes, but could never see one from the closed ward. We got so excited looking at this one that we didn't look where we were going,

and Amy fell down." A man kept going to the parking lots, sitting in unlocked cars. Eventually, he broke a silence of years to explain. He could not imagine how a car would work without a floor gearshift lever.

A striking feature at St. Lawrence, which is now 100% open, is the transformation of the wards. Gone are the dreary wooden benches where patients, dressed in Mother Hubbards, sat listless. Instead there is modern, comfortable furniture. Barless windows have gay curtains. Glaring ceiling lights have been replaced by bridge and table lamps. Glass vases hold cut flowers. Potted violets, glass tumblers and bottles (potentially lethal weapons) are seen everywhere. Each ward has its full-length mirror.

Patients carry matches and lighters, and wear wrist watches. Women use knives freely when cooking in individual ward kitchens, and are allowed scissors for sewing. They use electric washing machines, dryers, and irons. Men shave themselves in the ward barber shop (though attendants change blades in safety razors), and have full access to cutting and gouging tools in the craft shop. There are fewer accidents and fewer suicide attempts nowadays than before, says Dr. Snow.

Almost a dozen states are experimenting with open doors. Some are unlocked only an hour or two a day; others are flung wide throughout the daylight hours. In the early 50's, Pennsylvania rejuvenated its Em-

breeville State hospital near Philadelphia, and opened its doors in 1956. Says Dr. Eleanor R. Wright, "We've had fewer escapes than when the doors were locked."

In California, the system got off to a good start when Dr. Harry A. Wilmer, inspired by what he had seen in England, began to apply it at the U. S. Naval hospital in Oakland. There young fighting men in prime physical condition would be carried in, often in strait jacket and leg straps, sometimes with as many as six terrified corpsmen holding one man down.

Each time, Dr. Wilmer said quietly, "Get him out of those things."

Staff members protested at first. "But what if he attacks us or another patient?"

Confidently, Dr. Wilmer answered, "He won't."

And no patient ever did. In this "therapeutic community," the patients lived up to the staff's revised expectations: "to function as near to the norms of society as possible."

A hundred miles to the east, in California's San Joaquin valley, is Stockton State hospital, opened in 1853. The city (population 85,000) has engulfed the hospital with residential developments. A high school stands across the street. The main job of the security officer on the unfenced hospital grounds is to keep rambunctious youngsters from annoying the 2,500 patients.

"Opening a door isn't an end in itself," says Stockton's superinten-

dent Freeman H. Adams. "And it must not be used as a device for the staff to shed their own guilt feelings by spreading the patients over a wider area—from the wards to the grounds—without doing anything more for them." Doors are open at various times of day for 1,850 (or 45%) of Stockton's patients. Sixty-eight of the women may go downtown any time, but Dr. Adams realistically declines to issue town passes for the men, because so many (out of 618 with ground privileges) go there anyway. It would be easy, says Dr. Adams, to make a better statistical record by unlocking more doors, but it would be meaningless for 1,000 bedridden patients. At Stockton, patients act as door monitors, stopping others who are too disturbed to go out.

Private hospitals are generally even more reluctant than the state institutions to unlock doors, for fear of lawsuits. Yet in San Francisco, a tiny (14-bed) unit at Stanford hospital applies the open-door system with great success. "When we speak of patients as being 'locked up,'" says the psychiatrist in charge, Dr. Anthony J. Errichetti, Jr., "what we really mean is 'locked out.' We are using lock and key to exclude them from society. When we put a patient in seclusion, he remained as agitated as ever—only the staff was tranquilized." Here, the seclusion room is used only when the patient himself says he wants a chance to calm down.

The open door on the 2nd-floor psychiatric ward of this 1908 building does not mean freedom to walk in and out at will, any more than it does for a patient in the adjoining medical or surgical wards. But nobody is restricted because of mental illness alone. He must show definite signs of disturbance. When he does, the patients are usually the first to complain of it. It is by the patients' own decision that razor blades and pointed knives are not left in accessible places in the ward. Collectively, at least, the patients' internal controls are excellent. Adds Dr. Errichetti, "And every member of the staff has had to learn to control his own insecurity and paranoid feelings."

It will take a generation or more

to clear the state hospitals of the backlog of patients permanently crippled by old-time procedures that, far from making them better, helped to make them worse. But seclusion rooms are being converted into kitchenettes and beauty parlors; strait jackets and straps are disappearing. Shock treatment is seldom used, and only for selected patients. Though admission rates are rising, release rates are rising faster, so that in many states there is a net decrease in the numbers of mentally ill confined to hospitals.

"Although the open door is no cure-all," says Dr. Hunt, "it is the most important thing that has happened in our lifetimes in treatment of the mentally ill—not even excepting the tranquilizing drugs."

ONWARD AND UPWARD

A jet airliner captain was about to take off on a flight to London. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," he said over the loud speaker system. "This is your captain speaking. We'll be crossing the Atlantic this evening at an altitude of 37,000 ft. Our estimated speed is 730 mph. We should reach London in approximately five hours."

After a moment of silence the captain continued, "We will take off as soon as I get up enough nerve."

Paul Light in the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* (18 Dec. '59).

I am always apprehensive about flying. When I boarded a plane for California I chose a seat next to a man who looked like a seasoned traveler. I tried to sit back and relax, but my eyes seemed glued to the engines within view, and I kept leaning forward in a hunched, uncomfortable position.

After about an hour my seatmate turned to me with a kindly smile. "Miss," he said, "if you would like to rest for a while, I'd be glad to watch the engines for you."

Rosalie Binder.

Manhattan Magnificat

*New York's abiding gaiety is not that
of the night spots and the theaters*

EARLY on a clear, blue morning in September, having sailed 3,133 nautical miles from Southampton, England, we sighted New York and her wonderful Miss Liberty. After a summer abroad, I realized even more keenly how much I loved my home town.

Phyllis McGinley has already penned *A Kind of Love Letter to New York*. I shall never tire of singing a Manhattan Magnificat. I share enthusiastically Miss McGinley's love for Gotham's bracing carbon-monoxide air, her honking taxis, neon tubing, building sprees, crowded subways, and general inconvenience.

It is a popular pastime of non-residents to criticize the Empire City. Even Thomas Merton added to the anvil chorus that unforgettable epitaph in *Figures For an Apocalypse* (© 1947 by New Directions).

*This was a city
That dressed herself in paper money.
She lived four hundred years
With nickels running in her veins...
She was as callous as a taxi;
Her high-heeled eyes were some-
times blue as gin.*

Nickels, alas, no longer suffice; subway tokens now cost three times that amount. And there is another shade of blue that one sometimes glimpses in the city's exciting harbor or the small patches of sky above her granite canyons. Visitors are always bringing up that bromide about New York's being a fine place to visit but a terrible place to live; but a great many of the natives seem quite satisfied living there.

My midtown convent is dwarfed by skyscrapers and mammoth apartment buildings. Apparently few inhabitants go to sleep in this town, for lights blaze merrily all night in the windows around us. Often I look



out of my 6th-floor window at midnight or an early hour of the morning at the squares of gold and topaz, and I pray for all the worry-weary souls behind those windows, and for the glad and gay ones, too.

For there is gaiety in this sprawling metropolis: you hear it in the cheep of sparrows in the park, the laughter of children in the playgrounds, the banter of taxi drivers lightly insulting other motorists (all, surprisingly, named Mac). It is a truer gaiety than that which glitters in the night spots and theater crowds where visitors so often seek it.

As my home town, New York means chiefly Manhattan to me. I get baffled in Brooklyn, lost in the Bronx, dazzled in Queens, and inspired on Staten Island, but the little island we bought from the Indians is familiar, friendly, and comfortable as an old shoe.

Manhattan is 12½ miles long, averages 2½ wide, and contains only 14,211 acres. It is really an accumulation of neighborhoods: the Battery, Chinatown, Wall Street, Greenwich Village, Hell's Kitchen, Times Square and the theater district, Yorkville, the Harlems (Negro, Puerto Rican, and Spanish), Little Italy, and dozens of other national, racial, and cultural groupings.

I recall the strange exultation that returned every spring when I was a child in Yorkville. There came a magical moment when I could actually feel the flowers and grass pushing at the sidewalk, even where it

covered the cool, dark caverns of the subway. Of course, to see flowers, I had to haunt the florists' windows on Lexington and Madison Aves., or visit that little piece of paradise called Central Park, where one could actually go boating in the shadow of the towering skyline.

It is, of course, the magnificent panorama of glass, steel, concrete, bronze, and aluminum towers that first enchants the visitor to Manhattan. He sees only the Empire State, or Woolworth, or Lever Brothers' incredible buildings. Or perhaps his eye delights in the twin spires of St. Patrick's cathedral (no whit overawed by the neighboring giants of Rockefeller Center and Radio City), or the charmingly medieval Cloisters on Manhattan's highest point, Fort Tryon Park.

Only later does he discover the hundreds of smaller architectural gems like St. Vincent Ferrer's Gothic loveliness, the classic columns of the Stock Exchange, or the 20th-century beauty of the Museum of Modern Art.

As a child, I discovered, too, the fauna of New York: the real and terrifying animals of the Bronx and Central Park zoos, and the more fanciful ones which the traffic jungle suggested to my vivid imagination.

On many a 5th Ave. safari I stalked tigertaxis and buselephants, or saw, in the now vanished 3rd Ave. El, a tree-borne boa constrictor. (I never ventured into Wall Street to see the bulls and bears.)

Two of my favorite animals were (and still are) Edward C. Potter's famous lions flanking the New York public library at 42nd St. One year younger than I, Leo and Leonora were greeted by the hoots of an amused public when they made their first appearance in 1911 on 5th Ave.

"Tame tabby cats," sniffed some, while others gave them such nicknames as Lady Astor and Lord Lennox. Our late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia suggested the names Patience and Fortitude, which seemed especially apt to me one summer when I went daily "to the lions" to do historical research.

These stately and aloof creatures, usually wearing an incongruous cockade of pigeons or, in the holiday season, huge Christmas wreaths around their noble necks, have become one of the landmarks of Manhattan. They seem to stare with expressions of amused tolerance at scurrying passers-by.

Manhattan was a wonderful playground for the children of the 20's, and we made the most of it. Often when our families thought we were demurely strolling in Central Park, my neighbors Audrey and Agnes and I would set out like Robinson Crusoe to explore our island. Sometimes we boarded the old double-decker 5th Ave. busses to ride to the end of the line, even when we had only one-way fare and faced a long walk back from Riverside Drive.

Once, having ridden down to 16th St., we spent our return fare for a

huge box of chocolates which cost only 30¢. The bottom layer, alas, was nonexistent, and the large, luscious-looking chocolates on top turned out to be sticky chocolate-covered dates and figs; nevertheless, we derived enough energy from them to limp back to 68th St.

We thoroughly explored Manhattan: the mansions of 5th Ave., the pushcart markets of 3rd, the downtown department stores. But we rarely left the island except to take the Staten Island ferry, which gave us a miniature ocean voyage for a nickel. Even then, we never got off at Staten Island, but simply stayed on and rode back to Manhattan—often, alas, on the same nickel. The bridges fascinated us, especially at night when their necklaces of light were reflected in the Hudson or the East river, but we never crossed them. Manhattan was our back yard and we were satisfied with it.

In the spring we went on school outings to Bear Mountain and Hessian Lake on one of the big Hudson river liners. When company came in summer we would take them on the three-hour sail around Manhattan that started at the Battery; or we would climb up inside Lady Liberty to the balconied torch in her enormous hand.

Central Park was our favorite playground. On its knolls we attended Farley's May party each year in paper costumes that disintegrated in the rush for free ice cream and cake. We sailed our paper boats on her

miniature lake in summer and risked our necks sleigh riding on Pilgrim hill in winter.

Every March 17 we watched the St. Patrick's day parade from the steps of the big synagogue on 5th Ave. Once, I recall, as a company of New York's Finest marched past, resplendent in trim blue uniforms and white gloves, my friend Marjorie Tierney, whose father was on the force, cried excitedly, "There's my daddy!"

"Which one?" somebody asked.

"Right there with the white gloves," Marjorie beamed as a couple of hundred white-gloved patrolmen went swinging up the avenue.

That was the era in which Gertrude Ederle from Amsterdam Ave. swam the English Channel, Babe Ruth was the home-run king up at Yankee Stadium, and young Lindbergh received a bigger ovation at City Hall than the Armistice had. It was also the time of bootleggers, speak-easies, gangsters, and flaming youth, though these were merely things we heard about.

When I returned to New York City as a Sister after an absence of 14 years, I found the city changed, but even more exciting. As an adult and a Religious, I met people different from those I had known in childhood.

Occasionally on the subway, for instance, an overzealous communist has warned me in a menacing tone, "When the Party takes over, you'll be the first to go!" There was nothing

personal in this remark or in similar ones made to other Sisters. The speakers apparently disapproved of nuns in general.

The summer that I was working at the main library on 5th Ave. I was accosted on the very first day by a wizened little old man who hissed at me, "Another devil's servant!" and melted into the crowd. That first time, he took me by surprise, and I merely stared openmouthed at his retreating figure.

He seemed to haunt that part of the city, for I met him on 5th Ave. several times. Each time he saluted me, I gave him the friendliest smile I could muster. His greeting never changed, but one day he smiled back, and his "devil's servant!" had a definitely gayer tone.

The occasional inebriates one encounters are much more friendly, though just as embarrassing. Sisters exercise a positive fascination for the intoxicated citizen. Invariably he will strike up a conversation based on one of two themes: 1. "The Sisters made me what I am. I owe everything to them!" 2. "I have an aunt in the convent in Brooklyn."

One day another Sister and I boarded a crowded trolley. We grasped the straps and were swaying contentedly when a gentleman who was swaying even more appeared beside us. He took in the situation at a glance, cleared his throat, and in ringing tone addressed two men buried in their newspapers.

"Get up, you big apes," he order-

ed, "and give the Sisters your seats!" My companion, a timorous soul, grasped my arm and propelled me out the door at the next stop.

Bus drivers and policemen rank high on the Sisters' list of favorite people. I have observed 5th Ave. bus drivers with mounting admiration through the years. Many of these men are no longer young, and the marvel is that they have been able to retain their health and sanity despite New York's traffic hazards, passengers who have "nothing smaller than a twenty," little old ladies who inquire nervously, "Does this bus turn over on 57th St.?" and Sisters from upstate who never know where they are going.

Policemen in any country, I have found, are usually helpful, but my favorite officers reside in Boston and New York. With Bostonian police, I have only a visitor's acquaintance, but their Manhattan counterparts, black or white, Irish or Jewish, mounted or afoot, are usually calm, courageous, courteous servants of the public.

During the years I lived in a convent across the street from the Russian headquarters for representatives to the UN I had ample opportunity to observe these "blue angels" in various trying circumstances. When the Hungarians turned out periodically one summer to picket the Russians with placards it reminded me of the Irish vs. English demonstrations of my youth. Hundreds of policemen kept a weary guard on the

Russians, the Hungarians, and the neighbors.

While most members of the force seem to trust nuns implicitly, I recall one who did not. Sister Mary Ruth and I visited the Cloisters on an assignment from Columbia. To our amused dismay, the police guard insisted on tailing us from room to room, his hand on his holster. It was enough to tempt one to roll up the Unicorn tapestries or thrust a 15th-century altar screen under one's cloak.

On a subsequent visit to this same museum, several of us Sisters were admiring the medieval herb garden when a gentleman asked two of us to pose in an archway. "You blend so well with the architecture," he explained. But he was not a native New Yorker; judging from his accent, he was probably a visitor from London.

Part of the charm of Manhattan lies in the paradoxes which would have endeared it to G. K. Chesterton. It has been called Baghdad on the Subway and Sodom by the Sea; yet its little churches like old St. Peter's in Barclay St. and St. Francis of Assisi near Pennsylvania station are always thronged with worshipers.

It has its mansions and its slums, its tragedy and comedy, good and evil, sanctity and sin, but it also possesses an aura, an indefinable something that makes it, to this New Yorker at least, absolutely the most satisfying home town on six continents.

Crash Scene: What to Do?

*It can happen to anyone, and it's
no time for panic or indecision*

YOU ARE DRIVING home from a weekend jaunt when it happens. It is night. The fellow ahead hits a curve too fast. He skids, panics, locks brakes. Now you hear the long scream of tires. He goes sideways, hits a culvert with a sickening sound, then rolls.

You're out of your car before you know it. There's dead silence. The other car lies upside down in the road, headlights still on. A cloud of dust floats over it.

You pause, sick at heart. You look hopefully for other cars. Not one. Several breaths later you realize: a life-and-death responsibility has been nailed onto you, a responsibility you don't desire. Four persons are trapped in that car.

What do you do now? You are going to be what police call the "first on the scene."

Your first instinct is: "*Get them out!*" Afraid of fire, most motorists run to the car, start kicking out glass, and hauling people out.



This is the first mistake. Highway rescue experts estimate that 80% of the people hurt on our roads are pulled out of cars by frantic rescuers. Many are made worse, or even killed.

Every crash is different, so there are no rules. But here is what the experts say.

First, park your own car some distance from the scene, to protect it and allow an escape path for vehicles that may be approaching too fast. Next, turn off the key of the wrecked car to prevent fire. Rescuers say too many motorists forget this simple precaution.

Then stop for a moment and think. What else can happen? How can police be notified fast? Is anyone likely to die before he can get medical help?

What about getting victims out?

*355 Lexington Ave., New York City 17. December, 1959. © 1959 by Popular Science Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

See if any are unhurt. Assist out of the wreck anyone who is not hurt. But, experienced rescuers advise you, if any complain of pain, or are bleeding severely, or are unconscious or in shock, leave them where they are at least until an ambulance comes, or you can find trained first-aid workers to move them.

Two doctors told us, "We often see people die whom we could have saved if they had not been moved by volunteers who had no first-aid training.

"It is bad enough to lift or roll a badly injured person if you know how. It is extremely dangerous to let untrained rescuers carry them."

What to do about lifting cars? "Thousands of people get hurt all over again because motorists try to lift cars, find they can't, and have to let the cars fall back," said one police veteran. "Don't make the mistake of trying to lift a car bodily unless you have eight or ten strong men. Sometimes four men can lift one side of a light car, but if you try this be sure you aren't pushing the other side down on someone."

What if people are pinned? Often accident victims appear to be trapped when they are merely held by a foot twisted under a seat. Crawl in and release the foot. If they are unhurt they can get out.

The squads often find people trapped on the floor under the dashboard. They can't get out because they can't lower their heads enough to clear the lower edge of the dash.

SPIRITUAL FIRST AID

Time and time again you see newsphotos of priests ministering to victims of highway auto accidents. This means that someone among the first at the scene remembered to send for a priest when he sent for other aid. You can usually identify Catholics, even though they may be unconscious, by St. Christopher or other medals or plaques, statues, or stickers about the car, or rosaries, scapulars, or other sacramentals on their persons. When people are very seriously injured, send for the priest as well as the ambulance!

"If they aren't injured, we merely push their heads down gently until they can pull clear," an officer told me.

Now and then it is necessary to straighten out the car body before someone can be freed. It is far better to bend the wreckage than to cut it. Some excited rescuers bring acetylene torches. "This practice only adds a fire danger," one squad reported. "We get a tow truck to hook its chain to the wreckage and bend it an inch at a time."

If you find a driver trapped between his seat and the steering wheel, you often can ease the pressure on him by simply releasing the catch and sliding the seat back.

Be sure to "protect the scene." Two

WHAT ARE YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES?

Do you have to stop at an accident scene and offer help? Legally, you do not. You may keep right on going. But if you don't stop, remember this: some day other motorists may go on past when you need help.

Are you liable to be sued by someone you try to help? Lawyers for the American Automobile association and the Automotive Safety foundation say this. Anyone who offers help becomes in the eyes of the law a "voluntary rescuer." As such, you may be sued if 1. you commit gross negligence, such as propping up a car and letting it fall back on the injured; or 2. you run off and fail to finish the job.

"But the courts look kindly on any man who seriously tries to help his neighbor," the lawyers said. "There is small chance of your being successfully sued; and no self-respecting motorist will fail to stop for that reason."

cars collided on a heavily traveled turnpike recently. Three persons were slightly hurt. But minutes later five were dead. Reason: rescuers ran first to help the injured. Instead, they should have run to flag down high-speed traffic that was approaching.

Flag down the first cars, have them pull off the road, and ask one or two responsible-looking drivers to go back with flares and flags and slow down traffic.

If a two-lane road is blocked, send your flagmen both ways. Don't send them 50 or 100 feet, as most motorists do. Send them out 500, 600, or even 1,000 feet.

People lying in the road? If you leave them there they may be run over. But moving them may aggravate their injuries. Which should you do?

Police say it is better to leave seriously injured people where they are, *but take extraordinary care to guard them.* Police often place their cars

squarely across the road, with 360-degree flashers going to warn traffic. If, in dire emergency, you decide to do this, place your car at least 50 feet away because if it gets hit by traffic it may be pushed against the victims. Also, police say, turn your car to face traffic and blink your headlights rapidly at approaching vehicles.

What about fire? A frantic fear of fire often causes volunteers to haul out accident victims who should not have been moved. How can you know what to do?

Rescuers say you can relax a bit if fire hasn't started in the car when you get there. About one car in seven catches fire in a crash. But if fire does not start immediately it rarely starts afterward.

Fire in wiring usually begins smoldering under the hood or dashboard. Don't let this panic you into immediately moving the injured. There are three things to do: 1. disconnect the battery, being careful not to let the

hot wire hit metal parts and cause sparks; 2. locate the fire; 3. attack it with fire extinguishers, dirt, or a blanket. (If you have no extinguisher, borrow one from a passing truck.)

Hail at least two passing cars and send them in opposite directions to find telephones and call police. Police say it is wise to send as many as four or five cars in each direction.

Before the ambulance comes, give first aid if you are sure you know how. If not, do these things.

1. Hail passing cars until you do find expert help, such as a doctor or a nurse. In some states doctors can be spotted by MD plates, nurses by RN insignia.

2. Put blankets over the injured to keep them comfortable.

3. Loosen collars, ties, and belts to help the injured breathe easily.

4. Do what you can to slow profuse bleeding, using cloth compresses or tourniquets.

5. Send someone to find boards, or even to borrow a door from a house, on which victims may be carried flat if no ambulance arrives.

6. Locate a truck on which victims can be carried flat if quick transportation is needed.

7. Talk to the injured; encourage them. Never tell them anyone else has been killed or badly hurt.

"We even hold their hands," a rescue man told me. "A firm hand-grip seems to give them courage. Tell them help is coming and that they'll be fine."

RUSES OF ADVERSITY

Common-pleas Judge John V. Corrigan, a graduate of St. Ignatius High school in Cleveland, Ohio, was addressing a group of prospective lawyers at a "career night" at St. Ignatius. The judge spoke at some length on the fine art of cross-examination. He emphasized that a pointed question, introduced at just the right moment, can often catch a witness off guard and destroy the effect of his testimony.

"Now, are there any questions?" concluded the judge.

A hand in the back row shot up. "What were your grades at Ignatius, Judge Corrigan?" inquired a student.

Russell Faist.

An income-tax consultant, uncertain as to whether a client's wife was entitled to double exemption for being 65 years old or more, wrote the husband asking for information. After some delay he received the answer. "My wife says she is not 65 and never will be."

Mrs. Bryant Worthy.

A little girl watched in fascination as a golfer struggled to get out of the rough. As he gave up in disgust, she remarked. "The man has stopped beating it, mother. I think it must be dead."

Scarboro Missions (Oct. '59).



*Non-Catholics are invited to submit questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in *The Catholic Digest*, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to *The Catholic Digest*, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.*

What would you like to know about the Church?

THE LETTER:

To the Editor: Recent news tells of a runaway priest who was found married and employed. I am a Methodist and my wife is a Catholic, and she hasn't been able to convince me that it wouldn't be best for all concerned if priests could marry. I feel that the law should be revised so that they could lead a more normal life, be more qualified to advise the married on their problems, and help do away with malicious stories that are made up about priests and nuns. If priests have a choice, more than likely they wouldn't marry anyway, but those who wished to could do so. Couldn't your law stand revising?

Jack Hilterbrant.

THE ANSWER:

By J. D. CONWAY

I like your question, Jack, because it is asked with evident sincerity and sympathy. But it is a delicate and disturbing question for a priest to answer. Many of us know of someone who has sadly defected in the manner you describe. Thus the problem touches us closely, and we don't like to talk about

it. Then, too, most of us have personal experience in the hardships of heroism in this matter, and we hesitate to bring our intimate experiences out into the open. Yet I think that most of the priests who know best the problems and casualties of celibacy would vote to retain it. Maybe we are

just stubborn and idealistic, but we can hardly imagine the priesthood otherwise.

Anyway, your question must be honestly faced if we are to explain the Catholic Church, her beliefs and practices.

I should point out right in the beginning that our discussion concerns only that vast major branch of the Church which is called the Roman rite. In most Catholic Churches of Eastern rites a married man may be ordained, but a priest cannot contract a marriage after his ordination. In the Roman rite, however, laws of ancient standing and rigor refuse ordination to a married man whose wife is still living, and prevent an ordained man from marrying. Moreover, in all areas and rites of the Church, celibacy is an invariable requirement of monastic and convent life. Monks and nuns take vows before God and the Church that they will lead lives of unmarried chastity.

Most people outside the Church find such celibacy strange. There are skeptics who doubt that the vows are kept, and cynics who ridicule efforts to keep them. They hold such restrictions unnatural, and inviting frustration.

Catholics take clerical celibacy for granted. Like the priests, they could hardly imagine the priesthood otherwise. Centuries of custom and tradition bolster their personal experience, which dates from earliest childhood. They just can't picture a priest's wife or children, or a Catholic

rectory with nursery and playroom.

Few social customs are entirely good; few established practices are entirely bad. We must balance the pros and cons, and then choose the better course. Thinking persons both in and out of the Church are aware of objections to clerical celibacy; I am not certain that all are aware of the reasons that favor it. So I will give a brief résumé of both. I will start out with the objections you propose and then add a few I have frequently heard, or have realized myself.

I think, Jack, that you have hit upon the strongest objection yourself: the great difficulty of chaste and happy observance of celibacy, at least for men who must live in a world geared to marital life and sexual indulgence. Only men of strong character, high purpose, and inspiring ideals can succeed at a task so tough; and these can hope for complete success only if they are constantly bolstered on all sides by God's graces. Such difficulties when they are bested for supernatural purpose become a source of merit for heaven. But they are not always vanquished readily; so there are two types of undesirable results.

1. The restlessness and frustration of some men under the chafing yoke of denial and restriction. There is a suspicion that alcohol may sometimes be used as an escape from tensions thus created; and failure to live up to ideals can cause a sense of guilt, with serious unhappiness, and bring

ill effects to other people, as well.

However, experience makes us wonder whether celibates or benedicts are more involved in such problems of maladjustment. And to further lessen this objection I would point out that most priests have fairly well sublimated their sexual needs in work, prayer, sports, companionship with fellow priests, or a variety of hobbies. Their neurotic symptoms are not particularly frequent or notable.

2. Sad defections of the type you describe. A priest is the first to be touched by sympathy for a fellow priest who fails. We know that he was not really bad, but only unable to live up to his own high ideals. And most of us have personal experience with temptations, hopes, and discouragements which were similar to his. And yet such falls are **seldom** sudden; they are rarely a **complete** surprise. They were prepared by a long series of imprudent and non-clerical errors: neglect of prayer, slighting of study, shunning of work, evading priest friends, preference for female companionship, sentimental involvement in personal problems, and unwise choice of recreation.

Our brotherly sympathy for the fallen priest ends abruptly when we encounter the rare turncoat: one who has become embittered against the Church because of his personal failure, or, even worse, seeks shameful profit from anti-Catholic prejudice through books and lectures. Most of those who carry on cam-

paigns of hate against the Church have some slimy stories hidden in their past—and not as well hidden as they hope.

Honest men fail through weakness and accept the results of their failure in humility. They usually retire into relative obscurity and try to salvage some remnants of happiness in the midst of their conflicts. It is hard to estimate the number of such defections. They are tragic; and yet we know that failures are many in all walks of life. I have no way of knowing whether they are more numerous with priests than with others. If they are it is because ideals are perilous; when you scale the heights you risk a fatal fall.

Failure in celibacy is usually irreparable. You may recover from defeat in other professions, but for the man who has acquired a wife there is no return to the priesthood; and he usually finds it hard to adjust to another type of life. And even when he does adjust he knows that his spiritual welfare is in jeopardy.

Much could be salvaged from these personal disasters if the Church would mitigate her discipline; but the problem is one which does not admit of much leniency, if a celibate clergy is to be maintained at all. If there were an easy way out most of us might take it in moments of weakness.

3. Your next objection, Jack, supposes that a celibate priest lacks understanding of marital problems. And many would add that he also

fails to comprehend the problems of young people who are keeping company and preparing for marriage. There may be some truth to these arguments, though they are based on a flimsy premise: that there is no way of learning things except through personal experience. When you have heard both sides of enough marital stories, you begin to acquire the knowledge and sympathy needed for being helpful. And it may be that what the priest lacks from personal experience he gains by impartiality; one often gives prejudiced counsel when he bases advice on his own limited experience.

4. Your final objection, Jack, seems to me less valid than the others. Malicious stories would only take on a new cast and flavor if priests were married. As it is, modern gossips have trouble finding anything new. Competent storytellers, like Boccaccio and Victor Hugo, have told most of the good ones long ago. And avid historians have dredged up all the clerical filth the centuries had to offer. Modern versions offer only changes of place and personality.

It is never possible to eliminate malicious stories. They have been told about the greatest saints. Husbands and wives are often the subjects of evil gossip. Should we then adopt polygamy as a means of eliminating it? And if we did, the gossip of the harem would surely be tart and spicy.

We can be quite sure that a married clergy would not be exempt from

the venom of wagging tongues. Slanderers would merely add a spate of stories about the pastor's wife and children.

Little minds are seldom concerned with ideas; they are not even attuned to the great events of the world. They seek sensation in the aberrations, real or suspected, of their neighbors. Where they cannot find evil they invent it, or else they scornfully belittle the good which is too evident to deny. If celibacy is otherwise good we should not let gossiping little minds cause us to junk it.

Now, Jack, let us take a look at other objections which are sometimes proposed.

5. The failure of celibates to live life fully in the area of sexual experience. This objection has complete validity only to a person who accepts a hedonist philosophy: that life's success is measured by the total of pleasures a man has been able to garner before death. It remains, however, a strong argument to any person whose basic interest is naturalistic.

The restraints of celibacy have full meaning only to a man who can appreciate the supernatural value of penance. From a natural point of view there is no purpose in giving up good things unless they harm our health, habits, or efficiency. But to the supernatural view all sacrifice made for love of God participates in the redemptive value of Christ's supreme sacrifice, so that it becomes an adoration of God, a purification of the soul, a source of eternal merit.

6. The loss of much of life's deepest meaning and happiness, in the peace and security of home, in the love, help, and personality fulfillment which a good wife contributes, and in the rewarding responsibilities of parenthood. There is something lacking to a man who does not leave a child to carry on his name, to perpetuate his skills and character traits, and to benefit from his wisdom and love.

The answer is that no man can have everything in life. He must make a choice of professions, giving up many to concentrate on one. He must choose between foods; he cannot eat them all—at least, not all at once. He cannot live everywhere; he cannot make close friends and companions of all men; he cannot choose all hobbies and diversions.

You cannot have all the benefits of wealth and yet practice poverty; if you indulge your tastes as a gourmet you lose your trim figure. The celibate deliberately gives up the good things of home, wife, and children for the sake of spiritual values which are not compatible with them, that he may work more freely and efficiently for God, the Church, and the souls of men.

7. Maybe the most regrettable result of clerical celibacy is that there are no children to profit by the heredity, environment, education, intellectual challenge, and spiritual stimulation which should be found in a priest's home. Some of the outstanding men in all artistic and in-

tellectual pursuits have been children of ministers. From their youth they learned to appreciate the finer things of mind and spirit. It may well be deplored that priests cannot influence another generation in such intimate manner; though we may fondly hope that their impact may have greater total effect by being spread over a wider field, with less intensity.

8. Possibly vocations are diminished by this stringent requirement. Many ardent young men who would like to be priests are frightened away by the sacrifices involved in celibacy, or frankly admit after due trial, deliberation, and consultation that they do not have a call to such an exacting state.

We do need vocations badly; so we can only hope that we profit sufficiently in quality to compensate for our losses in numbers.

9. Celibacy is a subterfuge, a clever snare, a deliberate trap contrived by Rome to help her keep control over her clergy, so that she can juggle them like puppets to accomplish her nefarious designs.

With this ridiculous objection we terminate our list. Maybe you can think of more, Jack, but they do not come to my mind at the moment. So I turn now to the reasons which prompt the Church to retain this rigid discipline in spite of the objections we have seen.

1. Ancient custom and established tradition certainly play a major role; but I am sure that these factors alone

ould not be decisive. The Church conservative, but she is not opposed to change when sound spiritual advantage indicates that it should be made. The Church has long been aware of the objections to celibacy; she has experienced its hardships and seen its tragedies through the ages. She does not retain it out of blind stubbornness, but rather from keen awareness of its great spiritual advantages, proven by centuries of experience.

2. At least from the time of St. Paul the conviction has prevailed in the Church that virginity and chastity are high ideals of spiritual aspiration. They make the soul reach constantly above itself; they assert repeatedly its mastery over the body. And when this striving and winning is done for love of God it has eternal value. It can lead to great sanctity. Consequently virginity has been held on a higher plane than marriage. It is exceptional; it is not for everyone; and a practical comparison of these two holy states is hardly possible. But in the abstract, apart from individuals, the ideals of sacrifice, dedication, love, and devotion which are involved in celibate chastity are higher in the spiritual scale than the love, giving, and fulfillment of marriage.

3. Mystical truths contribute definitely to the Church's attitude. These are truths which tantalize us by dancing just beyond the range of cold reason. They are exemplified in the fact that the Church is Christ's

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own Body extended to embrace within its spiritual fibers the many millions of us who are its members, making us one with Him. It is fitting that a pure priest should represent the spotless Master in the service of his mystical Body, that a chaste and restrained priest should handle the Eucharistic Body of Christ, and that a priest sanctified by sacrifice should be the one to offer the Sacrifice of Christ.

4. One very practical reason for celibacy is the fact that the unmarried priest is much less fettered in mind and body. Family interests do not distract him from concentration on his work of the ministry. The good husband should give his wife and children first place in his thoughts, love, attention, and concern. The celibate can give priority to his priesthood.

5. Another reason is so practical it can be measured in dollars. It is much cheaper to maintain a celibate priest than a minister's family. And this advantage appears even more clearly when the priest is sent into the mission fields, where he is usually fed, housed, clothed, and supported by the faithful back home.

6. Other advantages show up sharply in mission fields and in time of war and danger. Celibacy permits the priest to live with natives as one of them, without concern for family comforts and security. He need not worry about wife and children when he encounters danger and disease. I have no statistics to prove that priests

are greater heroes than ministers; only know that they have fewer ties to hold them back. They are free to give themselves to their people and for their people.

In this area ideals inspire, and the example of the martyrs exercises an influence. When a husband and the father of a family is asked to give his life for his faith, he may well respond with courage, but he must be torn between two obligations.

You may object that this argument is hardly practical today. But consider those mission fields which have been taken over by the communists. During the war I had a close friend who served as an army chaplain because he was excluded from his mission field. But his ardent desire to return made him restless; and in spite of obvious dangers he went back as soon as he could. He did such remarkable work that they made him a bishop—but not for long; the communists got him, and he was never heard from again. I know he was ready to go; there was nothing to hold him back; and he died in union with Christ on the cross—but probably in very prolonged and exquisite agony.

7. From the earliest centuries the monasteries have challenged the secular clergy to celibacy. It is evident that monastic life would be impossible with wives and children cluttering up the cloisters. Secular priests do not want to be less than their monastic brethren.

8. It is hard for us priests to imag-

line how ministers ever get their Sunday sermons prepared. We know that they often outdo us in the pulpit; but what do they do with wife and children while they are studying and writing? We have trouble enough with the telephone, doorbell, janitor, housekeeper, school, and church.

9. We are convinced that our celibacy increases the confidence of our people in us. This belief has been called into question by critics who think that celibacy sets us apart; indeed, so sharply that the average person holds us in awe and hesitates to approach us. Our conviction, based on experience, is that this very difference gives our people greater confidence in us and permits them to reveal the secrets of their hearts more trustingly.

George Sand is not a likely authority to quote in favor of the Church, but when a famous French priest left the Church and got married, she wrote as follows. "Will the Père Hyacinthe still hear Confessions? That is the question. Is the secrecy of the confessional compatible with the mutual confidences of conjugal love? If I were a Catholic, I would say to my children: 'Have no secrets which cost too much in the telling and then you will have no cause to fear the gossip of the vicar's wife.'"

Maybe it is custom and habit of thought, but as a Catholic I would find it hard to even imagine myself going to Confession to a married man, however wise and holy.

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10. No poll has been taken, but I am convinced that celibacy meets with the approval of the great majority of priests. They made the choice of it freely, after long soul-searching and preparation; they have fought to retain it personally amid trying temptations; and almost daily they see its advantages as they struggle with their parishioners' marital and family problems. In exchanges of priestly wit celibacy sometimes takes a jovial beating; but even in the midst of such banter we often arrive at the calm consensus that we are the most fortunate of men.

11. Again without benefit of polls, I am sure that an overwhelming majority of our Catholic people favor retention of celibacy for the clergy. Much of their conviction may result from established habits of thought; they simply cannot imagine married priests, and the novel idea is repugnant to them. The married clergy of our Eastern rites have great difficulty in doing any effective work in America because of this attitude of our people toward the priesthood.

12. A final reason is the training problem. Any priest can imagine the ridiculous confusion of a seminary which had wives and children all about. It would mean a total reversal of the Catholic concept of spiritual formation, handed down to us from the early centuries of the Church. And yet we know that the problem is very real in Protestant seminaries where provision must be made for married-student housing and for the expenses and distractions of family maintenance.

Well, Jack, I have tried to list the pros and cons fairly. My personal prejudice may show in the fact that I have many more reasons for than against, and have proposed answers to most of the objections. There are hints of the possibility that we might someday have married deacons to assist the priests in various phases of their work. But without claiming power of prophecy we can be reasonably sure that during our lifetimes the Church will make no notable change in her traditional requirements for priests.

✕

MAN INTO SPACE

A couple that had gone without a car since getting married finally bought a shiny new one. The next morning the young husband drove proudly off. However, it took him an hour to find a parking space in town; for the first time in his life, he was late to work.

That night as he walked up the driveway, his wife rushed out to meet him. He told her ruefully that he'd left the car in town and taken the bus home.

"But why didn't you drive?" she asked.

"What!" he exclaimed. "And give up my parking place?"

Charles Ruffing.

The Web of Conspiracy

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton



BRAHAM LINCOLN was murdered, as every schoolboy knows. How did it happen that the greatest man of his time should be struck down? The facts indicate, says Theodore Roscoe in his book *The Web of Conspiracy*, that the criminals responsible for Lincoln's death did get away with murder.

The melodramatic story of a small band of moronic conspirators under the magnetic influence of Booth is in Roscoe's eyes a stereotype fabricated by the War department under the careful manipulation of Secretary Stanton and Gen. Lafayette Baker, chief of Lincoln's secret service.

That there is some deep and unsolved mystery behind the President's murder seems indicated by the strange fact that many of the records in the case were kept in the secret files of the War department until the mid 1930's.

"Accordingly, all previous accounts of the assassination were based on official government statements and press releases angled, slanted, and otherwise doctored to suit public consumption, and on the sketchy (although voluminous) trial reports published by the official court

reporters. Thus a towering edifice of so-called history was erected on sand. It made popular reading, but it lacked the exacting foundations of true historicity. How could the facts be known or assessed when the War department withheld them from inquiring historians, and even from such authorized investigators as senators and congressmen on contemporary Congressional committees?"

Having asked himself these questions, Theodore Roscoe spent 20 years tracking down every available scrap of official evidence that might possibly throw new light on the most celebrated murder case of the 19th century.

In presenting his evidence with the analytical subtlety of Perry Mason, Roscoe first shows us how the scene was set for the President's murder. The neglected warnings. The attempted kidnaping of the President. Stanton's refusal of the guard Lincoln wanted at Ford's theater. The assignment of the drunken Parker to guard the box. There are many more.

The scene is set for murder, but before its accomplishment Roscoe introduces us to a brilliant gallery of thumbnail sketches of Booth and his

little band. It is of particular interest to all of us that Mrs. Mary Surratt, at whose H St. boardinghouse the conspirators sometimes met, was a practical Catholic. Her son John had once studied for the priesthood. Several of the other plotters were Catholics of sorts.

What ensues after the murder is the most incredible part of the story. Secretary of War Stanton takes complete control of the government. Andrew Johnson, the vice president, does not appear, but remains secluded in his hotel room.

Stupid delays occur which permit Booth and David Herold, riding a stolen horse, to escape across the Anacostia bridge into Maryland.

Some of the conspirators wandered about Washington unmolested. The murderous Lewis Paine hid out in the woods near the navy yard and was caught only by the merest mischance.

The trial of the conspirators in the arsenal prison was true to the same strange pattern that marked every phase of Lincoln's murder. The eight prisoners were tried before a military court instead of a civil criminal court. The nine judges making up the court were eminent (one of them was Lew Wallace, author of *Ben Hur*), but their minds were settled on speedy conviction rather than justice.

Some of the prisoners were denied able defense lawyers, and the defense was further hampered by having all its objections overruled, while the objections of the prosecution

were all sustained. The male prisoners sat through the ordeal shackled hand and foot. Mrs. Surratt was spared that indignity.

Much of the adverse testimony seems to have been trumped up by General Baker and others. "On June 30, 1865, the military tribunal returned the verdict. All eight defendants were found guilty of participation in the assassination conspiracy.

"Dr. Samuel Mudd, Samuel Blanc Arnold, and Michael O'Laughlin were sentenced to life imprisonment in the federal penitentiary at Albany, N.Y.

"Edward Spangler was sentenced to serve six years in the Albany penitentiary.

"Lewis Paine, David E. Herold, George Atzerodt, and Mary Eugenia Jenkins Surratt were sentenced to death by hanging. But nobody believed that Mrs. Surratt would be hanged."

Mrs. Surratt's death sentence was contrived through deception. Five of the judges were against it, four favored it. Then, probably at the prompting of Secretary Stanton, it was suggested that if the death sentence were passed unanimously by the court a petition of mercy would be forwarded to President Johnson.

"According to Johnson he never saw the petition. On the morning of July 6 he signed the four death warrants. *Date of execution was set for the following day.*"

Desperate efforts to save Mrs. Surratt were launched by her daughter

Anna and the five priests who knew the family. All was in vain. When the traps were sprung the following day, Mary Eugenia Surratt went to her death. She was, quite probably, innocent.

In the final sections of the book Roscoe traces down the last amazing speculations on the amazing murder case, among them the fantastic belief in some quarters that Booth escaped with connivance of the authorities.

Summing up this point, and others, near the close of the book, Roscoe makes this startling statement. "When dealing with powerful and unscrupulous men who would connive at the murder of a President—with secret agents and hidden operators—with military opportunism and governmental secrecy—who can say an escape was not rigged, a substitution is impossible? Also, we know that evidence exists linking dissident elements in the North to an assassination conspiracy. We know that Northern subversives had sworn to

kill the President. We know there were unscrupulous leaders in Washington making a tremendous underground drive for power.

"It is the informed consensus that a camarilla of Lincoln haters in Washington—Northerners with big axes to grind—hoped to profit by Lincoln's death. To the extent that they withdrew the President's protection, exposed him as a target for the suspected enemy, and facilitated the escape of known conspirators, they were accomplices to the greatest crime in American history." This is a stirring book. It reads like a fantastic detective story, but the writing is excellent. Furthermore, it is one of the greatest bargains that the Catholic Digest Book Club has ever been able to offer. The 562-page volume, published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., retails for \$10, but you get it through the Catholic Digest Book Club for \$3.95. To join the club, write to: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD30, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13.

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